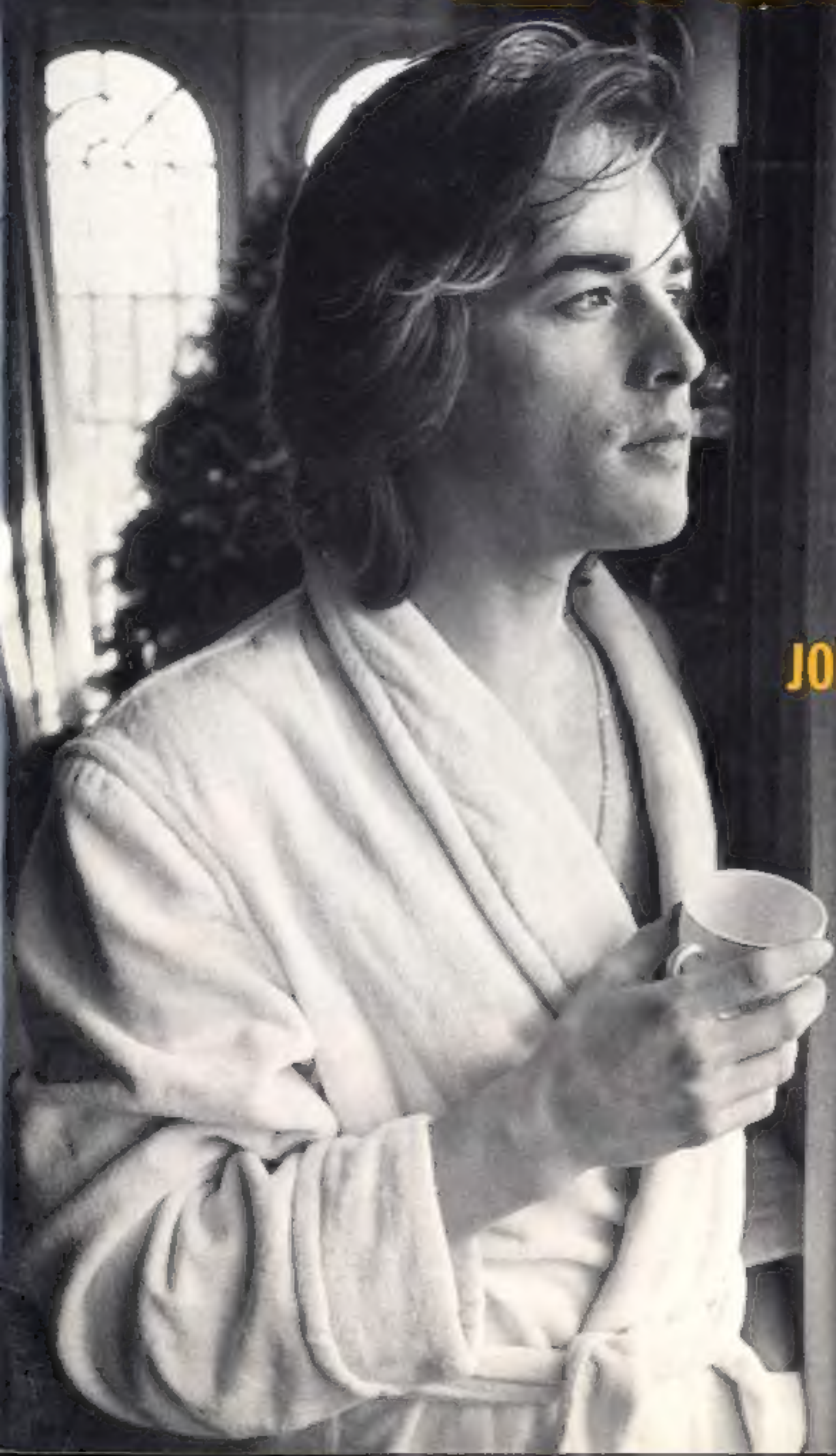


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IN TOUCH

celebrating gay awareness

vol. 1, no. 8

may 1974

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OUR COVER: Don Johnson. Photo by Hy Chase.

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keeping *IN TOUCH*

Letters

Dear Sir:

Congratulations on coming out with a gay publication that is neither pornographic, nelly or stupid, both editorially and pictorially. I have read many gay magazines and newspapers but none that I would waste my money on buying a subscription.

The editorial matter, altho I may not agree with some of its content, is for a thinking man. Hope you come out with more articles like "Homophobia Is Not a Straight Disease." I never heard of the term but found I fit into most of the descriptive matter. Your photography is great; almost "boy-next-door" type models. (I wish Bruce Morgan lived next door!) Keep up the excellent work.

Sincerely,
Larry Longworth

Dear Editor:

WOW! "In Touch" is great. Never before have I had the chance to get ahold of such a neat magazine. Usually other gay publications are not exactly in the best of taste. But your magazine is like a fresh breath to all of us who are gay. I really dig the magazine's set-up but hope you will, if possible, touch on areas such as recreation, sports, automobiles and something for the older Gays. Gay lib is not just for the young but the old, too. Keep up the good work.

Keep "In Touch" coming into Dallas. It was almost sold out in three days, so says the bookstore owner. We love it.

Sincerely,
Chuck S.

Each month we try to cover an area of recreation with our leisure article. In the next few months, we will feature water skiing, surfing, roller skating, trail riding as well as the ideas you mentioned. Stay with us and you'll find that eventually we'll catch up with you. —Editor

Dear Sir:

I've bought two issues of your magazine and really enjoyed them.

I'd like to suggest a future "Discovery," whom I'd enjoy reading about; he

is Brian Redfield, whom you pictured in February's "The Falls Balls," as the 1973 King of the Universe.

Your magazine is so much better than the competition's, I don't see how you can help but succeed. Best of luck to you. I'll continue to buy every issue you put out.

Sincerely yours,
Rick Clifton

We've tried a number of times to do some work with Brian for we are as fond of him as many of you are. However, something always happens to cancel the work. The latest incident was a dislocated shoulder on Brian's part. However, we'll keep trying. —Editor

Dear Editor:

"Where It's At" guide would prove much more of use were it listed geographically, especially in these days of gas shortages.

Less concern with cutesy writing and more emphasis on accuracy of description would be of more value to the reader.

Otherwise your book is excellent.

Unsigned

It is impossible to do a geographical breakdown of Where It's At and maintain the other aspects of the listing in the fashion that we feel is important. However, any of the standard guides which merely list establishments do so geographically. Next month we are making what we hope will be an improvement in Where It's At and list the businesses alphabetically within each sub-head. —Editor

Gentlemen:

I have recently come into possession of the January issue of IN TOUCH, the first I have ever seen or heard of, and it is an interesting magazine. In almost every respect it is better composed, more tasteful, more literate, and more comprehensive than is customary with publications of this particular persuasion, and it is to be hoped that it will continue at this level.

The photographs of Bruce Morgan were especially attractive. He has a

beautifully proportioned body, extraordinarily well-developed, and his face seems believable, humorous, and whimsical, although the growth of side whiskers so conceals and distorts the proportions of the face that it is difficult, from one picture to the next, to discover a constant personality.

The accompanying article, however, is another matter. Although it tries, by the use of contemporary idioms, to give the impression of a verbatim transcript of an interview, with interjected descriptions and commentary, there is virtually no coherence, and there is no logical or intelligible relationship between any one sentence and that which precedes and that which follows.

It is the function of an interviewer to lead the train of thought and later to organize the subject's words into coherent patterns, so the reader may emerge with a clear impression of the subject's personality and character. Mr. Morgan must have deserved better of you.

Yours truly,
John Carspecken

Well, no one is perfect. We do not know Bruce well, but we do know that he is a bright young man. Like many bright and young men, the surface confusion of his values is both an indication of his perception and of his growth. It would be possible to present our Discoveries in glossy, slick terms. However, that is not our intent. Reality is exciting. Man is exciting. It is our desire to keep IN TOUCH with both. —Editor

IN TOUCH

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Back Issues

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October '73	—Vol. 1 No. 1
November '73	—Vol. 1 No. 2
December '73	—Vol. 1 No. 3
January '74	—Vol. 1 No. 4
February '74	—Vol. 1 No. 5
March '74	—Vol. 1 No. 6
April '74	—Vol. 1 No. 7

*This covers postage & handling



In The Arms Of Morpheus

*I remember in the neighborhood of sunset
you always sprinkled starsand in my eyes.
Sometimes passing through your ivory gate,
nightmares pranced in real unreality.
But passing mostly through your gate of horn,
from your cornucopia flowed dreamdelights.
So often sleeping in your arms,
I dreamed that you were my dream.
Were you Morpheus, my love?*

by Henry Patrik
illustrations by George Hollimon

gea/hollimon



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In Touch

comments

It's not easy for a score of persons representing a wide spectrum of gay community interests and a wider and often unconscious diversity of political philosophies, to arrive at reasonable and effective strategy decisions with broad community appeal. Nor is it surprising, though it is disheartening, that a sound decision, once arrived at, can sometimes be gutted or rejected by a shifting majority at a later meeting.

We don't yet entirely understand the composition of the gay community, but the "representation" of its various elements at such community strategy meetings is at best random, with some segments grossly overrepresented and others overlooked or not bothering to participate.

When the Hollywood Businessmen's Association in December initiated or passed on the vice squad demand to close five gay bars, Gays were understandably infuriated. The January 4 raids on Beulahland, on Pat Rocco's home and on Jaguar Films, as well as the later conspiracy to commit oral copulation arrests seemed part of a deliberate push against the gay community. It was natural to recall the spontaneous boycott of February 1963 which permanently crippled the *Hollywood Citizen-News* after that paper's hysterical campaign to drive the "SD's" (sex deviates) out of Hollywood. Ever since I first came to Hollywood 30 years ago, we have had the constant myth that homosexuals (or sometimes, soldiers, hippies or Blacks) were ruining business.

So in several of our meetings, the suggestion repeatedly came up that we boycott Hollywood businesses, to show them what their business would be worth if they succeeded in driving all Gays out.

The idea had overwhelming but not total support. A very few feared that a boycott was somehow immoral. Others feared that there weren't enough Gays (or enough who were responsive) to bring it off; that we would end up with mud on our faces. And there was the question of which businesses to boycott, and for how long? There were strategic advantages to selecting one target for say two weeks, but the majority de-

cided to hit them all for a 48-hour period.

The time and boundaries were agreed on, and announcements went out widely in the gay media, and less widely in non-gay media. The message was, "Don't Buy in Hollywood on March 8th or 9th," and you didn't have to be an out-front Gay to participate in that. There were contrary rumors: Hollywood police reported that several prominent Gays had come to them expressing disapproval of the boycott leaders. HBA leader Terry Jurgenson, branch manager for the Bank of California, in a heavily toned-down quote in the *Advocate*, insisted that of course the HBA didn't want to drive Gays out of Hollywood, because then the street would be taken over by "the ethnics" (not the term he used).

Then suddenly, the boycott was called off. That in itself isn't earthshaking. Changes of strategy are often found necessary in any movement. But why

was *this* called off at the last minute? It was announced that an important policy change was about to come from a city official not specifically connected with the boycott. At a hastily called March 5th meeting, a vote was taken to postpone the boycott pending a new supportive statement which would be solicited from the HBA and to claim a victory at the Thursday night rally that had been scheduled to kick off the boycott.

Then those who had called the Tuesday meeting in order to cancel the boycott decided Thursday to cancel the rally, and by Friday, few inside or outside the gay community knew what had happened—except that a group of 50 or more who were not frightened off by rain, and didn't feel bound by the decision of a meeting to which they hadn't been invited, held a spirited rally in the appointed place and then marched well-drenched but joyously down the Boulevard, shouting, "Boycott! Don't buy!"

The so-called "VICTORY" leaflet had been printed, but no one bothered delivering it to the streets, or notifying the demonstrators that the demonstration was called off. It was just as well. The leaflet would have made a very soggy bonfire.

There is nothing intrinsically wrong with changing strategy, but "leaders" who do so at the last minute had damn well better notify their "followers," or face serious loss of credibility.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

A strong anti-leadership feeling whipped through that march. It was a young group, and they felt they'd been shafted by older, respectability-oriented and self-appointed leaders. There was a lot of talk about doing away with leaders, about anarchism.

I think that any movement benefits sometimes by spontaneous actions—such as the Stonewall explosion. But to advocate anarchic public demonstrations is, I think, insanity. The spirit of such an action can be beautiful, but the group is at the mercy of the wildest whim of any participant. The romantic desire for gay rage is too combustible, marching undirected along Hollywood Boulevard on a night when the police are making their routine busts. A pointless martyrdom is too easy. . . . But when leadership steps down, . . .

—JIM KEPNER

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THE CALENDAR

S

M

T

IN TOUCH will be happy to receive listings for our Calendar. To be included, listing must be in our offices not later than 10th of month preceding issue (Sept. 10 for November, Oct. 10 for December, etc.). Please include location, address and time as well as other pertinent material.

THEATRE



AUCTIONS

BALLS

CONTESTS



TOURS



Galas



SHOWS

MEETINGS



5

2:00 p.m.
GAY LIB II
Gay-In and Conference
for Dissident Gays
DeLongpre Park
DeLongpre and Cherokee
Hollywood

6

8:00 p.m.
Coronation
of the
Emperor & Empress
of San Diego
El Cortez Hotel
San Diego

7



13

8:30 p.m.
Fat Shirley's
MISS CHUBBY CONTEST
Mayflower Ballroom
134 South Hendry
Inglewood

14

8:00 p.m.
SPREE's monthly meeting
will include
a musical variety show
MY WAY
Trouper's Hall
1625 N. La Brea, Rear
Hollywood

19

8:00 p.m.
Coronation
Emperor and Empress
of South Bay
Hacienda Hotel
El Segundo

20

8:30 p.m.
Celebrating the
75th Anniversary of
George Gershwin's
PORGY AND BESS
opens for seven weeks
Ahmanson Theatre
135 North Grand
Los Angeles

21

26

Every Sunday
in May at
7:30 p.m.
GAY LIB II
open meetings
Gay Community Services Center
1614 Wilshire Blvd.
Los Angeles



28

for MAY

W

T

F

S

1

8:30 p.m.
BIMBO'S COSMIC CIRCUS
opened
a four-week
engagement last night
Off-Broadway Theatre
314 F Street
San Diego, Calif.



3

3:00 p.m.
Rev. Carlton's Wedding
MCC Church
1050 S. Hill St.
Los Angeles

4

APPLAUSE
Charles Pierce
California Theatre
Polk & Turk Sts.
San Francisco

8

9

10

Today and
Tomorrow
from 9:00 a.m.
GAY LIB CONFERENCE
"Where We've Been and
Where We're At"
Workshops, Speakers & Dance
LA City College Student Center
855 North Vermont
Los Angeles

11

11

15



17

Tomorrow
Yonkers Production Presents
LITTLE ME (Musical)
Village Theatre
Columbus Ave.
San Francisco

18

18

8:00 p.m.
Monthly meeting of
Dignity
Newman Center
4665 Willowbrook
Los Angeles



23

8:30 p.m.
CHARLATAN
opens a
four-week
engagement
MARK TAPER FORUM
135 North Grand
Los Angeles

24

25

Mr. Gay California
Mrs. Gay San Francisco
S.I.R.
83 6th Street
San Francisco

29

8:30 p.m.
William Inge's
BUS STOP
starts a
four-week
engagement
Off-Broadway
314 F Street
San Diego

30

31

WHERE IT'S AT

BARS

BATHS

Restaurants

THEATRES

Shops

LOS ANGELES by DAVED JADE

SAN FRANCISCO by DOUGLAS DEAN

CRUISE AND SCORE SITES

WOOD SHED — Explorers have discovered the Wild West, down Melrose from Griff's to Larry's to The Stud and now on down the trail there is a bar for the sagebrush boys. Where the real Marlboro men round up, just down Hoover from the Outcast. On Hoover south of Melrose, Silver Lake.

COVERED WAGON — Afterhours spot, with snack bar and lounge. Swimming pool, where mad things go on. Decor now features windows, plants and chandeliers. 278 11th Street, San Francisco.

BUZZBY'S — New, very groovy place which introduces a new concept of seating. There are bleachers and you sit around and face the other customers. Macrame chandeliers, sunburst and stars illuminate the ceiling. Original and charming. 1436 Polk Street, San Francisco.

FE-BE'S — Leather bar, long popular with the bike and Levi set. Has had its troubles with the police, but seems to keep going. Heady action. 1501 Folsom Street, San Francisco.

STUD — Another leather place, well patronized by the jeans and T-shirts. Weekend nights and Sunday afternoons are often very groovy. SAM talent available. 1535 Folsom Street, San Francisco.

IMBO'S — Jim, formerly of Jim's Corral in Long Beach, has moved out to beautiful Santa Barbara to give it its first healthy taste of leather and Levi. 4135 State St., Santa Barbara.

RUSTY NAIL — Slowly a stampede of stardust cowboys and beautiful bike boys are attracting a semi-raunchy mob. Good weekend cruising. 7994 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

ONE STEP BEYOND — Next door to the Climax in Garden Grove, the big boys now have somewhere to play in Levi and sawdust and heavy cruising. 11918 Garden Grove, Garden Grove.

LARRY'S — Larry must be one of the most popular guys in the gay leather community. His new bar, a clean, barren, slightly posh dungeon is L.A.'s first liquor/leather bar. Hot and heavy cruising, mostly leather with plenty of real bikes. Melrose Avenue near Van Ness, Los Angeles.

EL CAPITAN — Established local fun spot. Almost raunchy atmos. houses very friendly and boisterous crowd. Jovial barmaids.

Packed on weekends, small weekday crowds. 13825 Hawthorne Blvd., Hawthorne.

MINE SHAFT — Levi and leather, plenty of cruising. Weeknights get raunchy and mature; weekends cruisy and younger. Sunday buffet draws some seafood. 1720 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

MIND SHAFT — It's a blast, this one. An immediate sensation from its opening. Wooden beams, kerosene lamps, dim lighting. Front and rear bars, with dancing under a gazebo, if you can believe it. Restrooms are labeled Ms. and Stude, which gives an idea of what goes on. Wild action, fighting the mob. 2140 Market Street, San Francisco.

TOAD HALL — After two fires, caused by arsonists, this funky bar has risen (again) from the flames, just like the Phoenix. Young, trippy crowd, longhairs and beads. Jukebox, pool tables. You are warned by the management, however, to "leave your pleasure trips at home." 482 Castro Street, San Francisco.

THE ROUND-UP — Grooviest Western Bar of the Wildest Street in the West, so they claim. Special events, a trippy crowd. Levi's and leather jackets much in evidence. Hunky numbers as regular patrons. 298 Sixth Street at Folsom, San Francisco.

TWIN PEAKS — Former dull straight bar, now a trippy hangout for a far-out crowd. Mostly jeans and jackets, but some more elegant types. Large windows permitting street view. Tiffany lamps, small bar and tables and balcony for cruising. Cocktail hour Saturday and Sunday afternoons a mind-blower. Corner Market and Castro Streets, San Francisco.

THE PUB — Tourists, beach boys, beautiful, and locals meet every afternoon in well-mixed casual atmosphere. Weekends are county mob scene, very mixed with noticeable absence of leather or ladies. Good jukebox and dancing. 224 Helena, Santa Barbara.

GRIFF'S — Beer bottle crushers, more serious hunky hornies, more easygoing western and leather have gathered large crowd here to avoid mob scenes elsewhere. Still prime. 5574 Melrose, Hollywood.

BUNKHOUSE — Kicky roundup bunch with jaunty cowboy bartenders. A few retired rodeo stars hold the fort between shifts of popularity. Never can tell when the rodeo is in town. 4519 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, towards Silver Lake from the 1170 in Hollywood.

DETOUR — Music programmed for anticipation adds to tense feeling of expectant leather. Good spot to get jived up for cruisy neighborhood. Just up the street from the OUTCAST, should make link-up soon. Weeknights more relaxed. If there ever will be a construction worker bar this will be it. Watch out. Corner Sunset and Santa Monica in Silver Lake at 1087 Manzanita.

FALCON'S LAIR — Western, leather, and followers. Weekend gang swells out into the patio and up onto the game room. Weekdays strictly cruising downstairs and games upstairs.

JAGUAR — Going towards neighborhood gathering. Still mixed but a lot less leather, western, and decadence. Weekdays mostly sociable. Sunday conventions still planned. 7511 Santa Monica, Hollywood.

MIRROR ROOM — Very mixed and lively. Wilshire Guys and Gals together, but not a family affair. Weekend crowd extra jovial. Clean, healthy, laughter and liquor. 1600 W. 8th, Los Angeles, Wilshire Center.

CLUB CHATEAU — Speakeasy atmosphere found outside of town, brightly lit with lights on the roof seen from a distance. Extremely cordial hosts and honest friendly crowd. WEEKENDS. 16235 Foothill, Fontana.

THE HUB — Mixed crowd converges for one purpose. Busy poolroom waits at end of long corridor bar. 7864 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

TRUCK STOP — T-shirts and tattoos, Levi and sawdust, beer and cruising. Bike conventions on Sundays. Always kicky and jumping weekends. 13257 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

BIG BROTHER — Seaside cowboys and cowgirls accord a lively mosaic with a poolroom temper. 1616 Washington, Venice.

MIKE'S CORRAL — Some of the hunkiest numbers in the Southland have discovered where the rustling is good. Has become stompin' grounds for hot Levi and leather. Just off the Artesia Frwy. at Cherry, 2020 Artesia Blvd., North Long Beach.

LIL LUCY'S — Social gatherings on weekdays easily transform to young heavy cruising mob on weekends. 1200 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

D.O.K. WEST — Most all the gangs come together for Garden Grove's big scene. Sociable types bump elbows with cruisers. 12889 Gar-

don Grove, Garden Grove.

BEE JAYS — Rowdy gang refuses not to have a great time. Everybody welcome, lots of Levi, on the park across from USO and baths. 1000 Broadway, San Diego.

SAVING PRIVATE RYAN — Largest cross-section, cruising for always busy, come and find your corner. 3175 India, San Diego.

CLUB — Assortment, leather nights, Sunday Brunch bunch swells to early afternoon crush. 2501 Kettner, San Diego.

PADDLE BOARD II — Daytime beach bar, cruising and socializing, afterhours dancing and coffee, must score. 1417 Pacific Coast Hwy., Redondo Beach.

JOE'S — Kicky bar, lots of Levi and leather. Large adjoining game room with plenty of cruising. Early crowd gets mature but never elegant. Late crowd gets raunchy and always ready. 2682 Long Beach Blvd., Long Beach.

TRAFFIC JAM — Humpy bartenders hold the fort for late crowd. Mixed types with some western and some seamen. Bar broken down to three sections: socializing up front, game play around the pool table, and serious cruising in the back room. 4463 Long Beach Blvd., Long Beach.

GAF — All purpose bar-club for Palm Springs area. Entertainment some nights, crowds for dancing, with time for cruising. 67901 Hwy 111, Cathedral City.

THE STUD — A kicky fun spot with liquor and leather has become part of the new scene. Handy for freeway fiers, Hollywood Frewy., Vermont off-ramp. On Melrose just west of Vermont, Los Angeles.

GOLIATH S — Continuous go-go boys, films, tape program, and restless crew have re-engaged the conspiracy to capture you in an excitement game. An experience with one thing in mind. 7011 Melrose Ave., West Hollywood.

THE WILD SIDE — Los Angeles' Southside now has its own hot spot. Moba coming in from South Bay as well as South Central. Sure to become a new landmark in the changing L.A. scene. Plenty of local neighborhood spots in area. Soon to add afterhours. 1321 N. La Brea, Inglewood.

MUST SCORE TIME

WINDJAMMER — Newly decorated, under new ownership. Decor both rustic and elegant. Piano and organ Tuesday through Saturday. Banjo band Sundays 4-8 P.M. Dancing every night. Special events. Complimentary pizza and draft beer 35¢. A place where everybody gets together. 645 Geary St., San Francisco.

PENDULUM — A mixed clientele in this popular well-known bar. Castro Valley area brings a lot of leather and leather set. Dimly lit, good cruising. Free buffet every Sunday P.M. 4246 18th Street, San Francisco.

FOLSOM PRISON — Wheel 'n Deal Game every Sunday at 4:30

and 10:30. Also holds groovy slave auctions every Monday at 10:30 P.M. with prizes for participants. 1898 Folsom Street, San Francisco.

HOT LIPS

Very macho, very much of a turn-on, this place. 1010 Bryant Street, San Francisco.

MIDNIGHT SUN — A Castro Valley hangout, for heads and longhairs. Very plain decor, but good vibes for those who dig the Levi, FFA scene. Hunky tricks on all sides. 506 Castro Street, San Francisco.

KOKPIT — Active, groovy group gathers in

this small but famous bar near the Tenderloin. Everybody very friendly, and somebody for everybody. Cocktail hour gets the celebrity crowd, in spades. 301 Turk Street, San Francisco.

WHITE HORSE — Friendly bar, long popular with the East Bay crowd. Good dancing. And now there's dancing. Mixed age

THE HAYLOFT — Well known afterhours. Known for specifically designed

crowd before and afterhours. 11818 Ventura



Blvd., Studio City

REAR END — Leather bar with Levi types. Small compact place with a friendly atmosphere. Tools and traffic signs on the walls, barrels for tables. You can smell the grease and oil. 14th and Market, San Francisco.

NOTHING SPECIAL — Another Castro Street bar, popular with a neighborhood clientele. Warm atmosphere, plenty of action. Young heads and longhairs. Jukebox and pool table. 469 Castro Street, San Francisco.

NEW BELL — Another of Polkstrasse's most famous bars. Piano entertainment, with group singing. Noisy. Regular parties and special events attract a happy crowd. 1203 Polk Street, San Francisco.

PHOENIX — Formerly a coffeeshop, now a popular gathering spot for the men in the vicinity. Large front bar with a food counter in the rear. Short orders: burgers, chili, soup etc. Wire pool tables. Plenty of space to move around and observe the action. Mature clientele. 1035 Post Street, San Francisco.

WILD GOOSE — Small crusty bar for the old set. Sleeveless T-shirts and lots of muscles on display. Funky decorations. A friendly crowd, even on the weeknights. Some young ones around, but mostly an old group. 1488 Pine Street, San Francisco.

THE OUTCAST — Early hours heavy leather score, workout Levi score, kinky score

mix during afterhours, tangling through three-room cruising grounds. Santa Monica Blvd. at Virgil Ave. in Silver Lake.

CLIMAX — Snack bar and canteen for young lively dancers, becomes afterhours nightclub for the whole town mix. One of the liveliest spots most lively in all of So. Cal. 11918 Garden Grove, Garden Grove.

OUTER LIMITS — The whole town shows up afterhours, crowding chicken out onto the ultraviolet dance floor and filling all empty spaces. Tirlans trade poolroom find harmonious balance. 11918 Garden Grove in Garden Grove.

THE GARDEN — The town's things just keep dancing while the rest of San Diego flows in for afterhours. Heavy cruising in particular. 1858 San Diego, San Diego.

TRADESMAN — Afterhours. Heavy cruising in double bar with double movie. Melrose at Gardner, West Hollywood.

MOSTLY ON THE DANCE FLOOR
THE GHETTO — Trades back to life with great sound system atmosphere just in time for springtime throngs. Two liquor bars and large dance floor. 7304 Melrose, West Hollywood.

RENDEZVOUS — Used to be known as the wax museum, but no more, man! Where the young beauties used to stand, just waiting for someone to tell them how lovely they were.

now they shake it and break it. 567 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

BO JANGLES — Long bar with adjacent floor for dancing. Attracts a big black crowd, and the action is wild. Corner Earton and Ellis Streets, San Francisco.

SACK — Afterhours spot, shut down by police and now reopened. Cleared of all chaos. Nice atmosphere. Dancing, coffee and drinks. 1044 Post Street, San Francisco.

THE GARDEN — The town's things just keep dancing while the rest of San Diego flows in for afterhours. Heavy cruising in particular. 1858 San Diego, San Diego.

BARBARY COAST — This is a new one. Nautical decor, with fish nets and the prow of a ship to get you in the mood for cruising. Dancing 12 noon till 2 AM. The doors to restrooms are marked Mate and Fish. Pool in the back room. Welcomes all age groups. 312 Columbus, San Francisco.

THE END UP — brand new dance hall, glam floor. Floor lights up in 4-channel organ lighting and what they call "dancing".

place. 1044 Post Street, San Francisco.

MIG — Weekend, hot spot. good dance floor with young social mobs. Artificial atmos with good music constantly changing moods. 8612 Garden Grove, Garden Grove.

AFTER DARK — Disco, D.J. pulls in high congestion. Core regiment into fashion but atmos remains relaxed. One ballroom, three bars, dining room and lookout balcony. Find it on Beverly Blvd., the northeast corner at La Cienega Blvd. in West Hollywood.

THE GARDEN — The town's things just keep dancing while the rest of San Diego flows in for afterhours. Heavy cruising in particular. 1858 San Diego, San Diego.

BUTCH GARDENS — Very California. A gay caballeros prancing among the friendly casual crowd. Large ballroom dance. Deco

Blvd. Silver Lake.

DIL CAN HARRY'S — The town's things just keep dancing while the rest of San Diego flows in for afterhours. Heavy cruising in particular. 11502 Ventura, Studio City.

OFFICE — Black light ballroom boogie and orange light corner pinball are both neatly shuffled into a large mirror box. 13817 Ventura, Sherman Oaks.

OUTER LIMITS — Afterhours, Disco, marginal symposium with elegant air of nostalgia.

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DIAMOND HORSESHOE - Turn-of-the-century ballroom and huge fun saloon atmosphere. Hosts mobs every night for cruising and dancing. Two bars separate dance floor, small cartoon theatre. 2523 E. Anaheim, Wilmington Long Beach area.

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OUTRIGGER - Hybrid to be into dancing, beach bar weekdays, nightly crowds inter-

DIABLO'S - Intersexual mix, mostly girls bar with large reinforcements of boys and straights. Everybody dancing. Large adjoining bar and game room. 2533 El Cajon, San Diego.

ALSO DANCE FLOOR

TUCKER'S TURF - Dance hall with plenty of room, beer, wine, games, pool, growing young crowd. Sometimes entertainment. Relaxed and pleasant atmosphere with great dance floor and friendly bartenders. The old "Playhouse," 11043 Magnolia Blvd., North Hollywood.

COZY GIRL

in back. One of the friendliest spots in Hollywood. 5925 Franklin Ave.

RENDEZVOUS LOUNGE - Small crowd for dancing, dark and crusty corners, and neighborhood social bar as well. 7100 La Brea Blvd., Hollywood.

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FRAI HOUSE - Little fun spot, cruising,

BRASS RAIL - Back bar has moved up front to consolidate cruising grounds; a safer bet than last month for groovy cruising. 836 N. Highland, Hollywood.

S.S. FRIENDSHIP - Always lively waves of beachgoers but also lively local night spot for tides of dancing and cruising. 112 W. Channel Rd., Santa Monica.

PADDLE BOARD II - Services large South Bay Area for cruising, socializing, dancing. 1417 Pacific Coast Hwy., Redondo Beach.

THE CLUB HOUSE - Warm atmosphere created by gentle blend of various types of local people. Coziness of being almost private and the friendliness of being open to visitors. Also



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GLASS ONION - Bar and game lounge, dance floor, sometimes shows, great buffet.

ENTERTAINMENT AND SUCH

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THE GREEN OWL - Occasional shows. Extremely mixed giggling crowd assures plenty of entertainment otherwise. New experiment and fast growing. Heavy and light cruising intertwined gracefully. 1214 E. 4th, Long Beach.

GAZEBO LOUNGE - How about that Gaze-

bo talent a la mode. Paradise for good aud-

while nestled in conveniently at After Dark on Beverly at La Cienega, West Hollywood.

LLOYD - SANDRA ALEXANDER not performing now. Strange but true, now shows regularly. Mixed intersexual dancing and other minglings. 759 N. La Brea, Hollywood.

SEE SAW - Cocktail lounge with fireplace in large bar. Nice back patio. Across street from CBS, parking in rear. 7713 Beverly Blvd., West Hollywood (next door to Crest Motel).

GOLD STREET - One of the most famed show bars in the city by the Bay. Features name attractions, is well-known as the "home" of stellar impersonator, Charles Pierce. Two shows nightly, 9 and 11 P.M. Gold Street, just off Montgomery. San Francisco.


FINNOCHIOT'S - Bar and continuous entertainment. Caters largely to tourists, but employs female impersonators at good salaries and the show is usually fun. 506 Broadway, San Francisco.

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SHOW BIZ — Manager-director Clint Johnson lives and breathes to entertain you. His **TURNABOUTS** is the best show going anywhere. Live singing, impersonation, burlesque skits, and pantomimes are all put through the limits of spectacle on a small stage. 1421 University, San Diego.

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MARY'S HANG UP — Very mixed bar, always one scene or another happening here. Weekends have a unique drag show. Catch the Dimpled Darlings, 714 Garnet, Pacific Beach, San Diego.

SUNSETEAST SHOWBAR — Yes, there is a drag show and yes, it is good. But there is much more. A local neighborhood spot that gets raucous proving that Silver Lake has her own brand of alley cats. Some trade but mostly just fun-loving ruffians. Jeff aims to please everybody, keeping his cozy little joint jumping. Across street from Detour. 4007 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake, L.A.

SHIP 'N SHORE — Behind Captain Dick's on Crenshaw you can find a spot for good people, friendly people, happy people, people you thought had vanished from the face of the jaded planet. Entertainment every weekend includes specialty acts like hypnotists that "like to hypnotize gay boys" and comedy teams. Join me there. 5715 S. Crenshaw, Hawthorne.

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BARBARY COAST — San Diego has a peculiar flight pattern and all commercial aircraft fly in between the buildings downtown and

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Continued on Page 79

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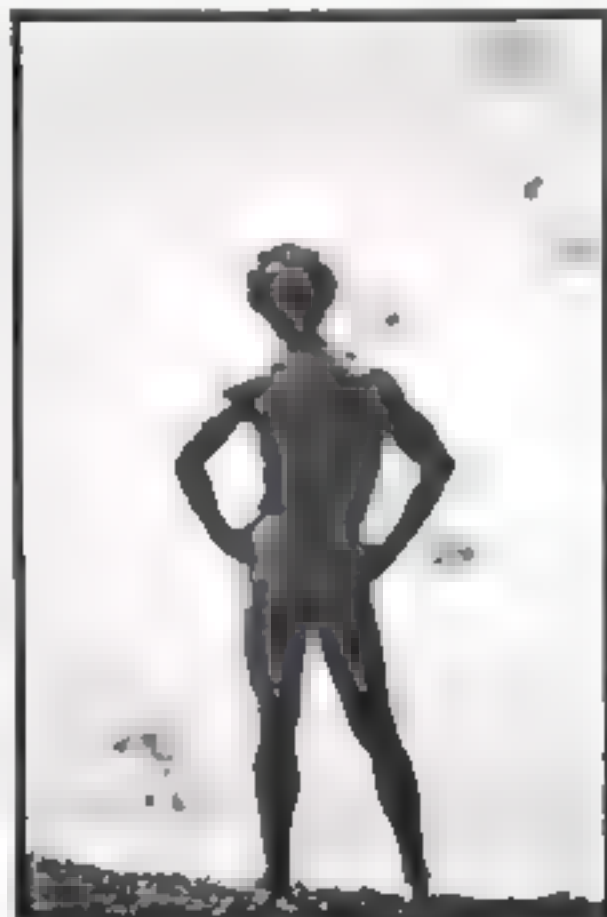
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by John Marvin
photography by Hy Chase

The Guts, Drive and Talent of DON JOHNSON

In 1968, 18-year-old Don Johnson skyrocketed to prominence in the Los Angeles area for his performance in Sal Mineo's production of *Fortune and Men's Eyes*. The play, detailing the brutalization of a young convict, played by Johnson, had been performed elsewhere before, but Mineo's production was a considerable departure in that a scene in which the young man is raped by a more hardened cellmate was brought out onto the stage, whereas it had previously happened only in the audience's imagination, off stage. The excellence of the production attracted huge audiences, many of whom were frankly drawn by the widely heralded beauty of young Johnson, who was stripped to the buff during the rape scene. *Fortune and Men's Eyes* ran for over a year, during which time Johnson established himself not only as an exquisitely beautiful young man, but also as an actor of considerable range and power.

He made his professional screen debut in the MGM production, *The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart*, which was unfortunately a commercial and an artistic failure, and then he went into a far superior film, *Zachariah*, a rock musical trumpeted as the first "electric western." He has appeared on television as a guest star in such programs as "The Bold Ones," "Young Doctor Kildare," "Sarge," and "Kung Fu." Recently he starred in the film *The Harrod Experiment*, co-starring James Whitmore and Tippi Hedren, and since shooting that film he has been steadily dating Ms. Hedren's attractive young daughter, Melody. He recently completed a new science-fiction film, *A Boy and His Dog*, due to be released soon. In addition to acting, Don is a fine singer and songwriter, and he recently signed a recording contract with Capitol Records. Don is very much one of the new breed of stars—aware, intense, and outspoken. He is entirely his own man, and he lets the world know it. He does not

give many press interviews, but after we had spoken to him a couple of times by telephone, he agreed to grant a rare interview to IN TOUCH. We found him an overwhelmingly attractive young man, full of vitality and enthusiasm for everything he tackles. We first asked him how he handled his sudden rise to stardom. He grinned impishly.

JOHNSON: Oh, I was always a star. In my own mind, I never thought I wasn't a star. So, when I started getting the star billing, I just said, far out, somebody else realizes it, too!

IN TOUCH: When did you first start performing?

JOHNSON: I was around four, I guess. My grandfather was a Holy Roller preacher, you know—Rev. Marshall Wilson. He preached in tents, in schools—Horney Buck School House and Church House, right? So he'd get up there and do his number, and then I'd get up and sing, and everybody'd come around and say, aw, isn't he cute, and they'd give me quarters and shit like that, and I said, boy, this is it! I've got it made! I've found my profession! You know, I never really thought I was going to be a big star, or anything like that, but there finally came a time in my life when I realized that this was what I was going to do, and from then on it never once entered my mind that I couldn't do it. That's the way I feel about everything.

IN TOUCH: How did you do as a student in school?

JOHNSON: Well, first of all I started to school when I was four, and so that put me two years in age behind everybody else right from the start. I never worked in school—never did any of that kind of stuff. I always conned my grades. Or cheated on the tests. Because, basically, I couldn't understand the reason why they were doing all that. I always thought that I should have been giving the teacher the test asking her the

questions. You know—if I have a question, I'll ask you and then you tell me the answer. That's what learning is all about, isn't it? I mean, you don't learn anything by having someone sit you down and say, learn, goddammit! You retain something by wanting to learn it, right? Then, too, I'm basically a radical and a revolutionary, and I hate people telling me what to do. Because I usually don't want to do what they tell me to do. Anyway, I cheated on the tests, and got through somehow. But I was always in trouble with the office and getting thrown out of school. Like, in the seventh grade, I got eight spats. That means eight times to the boiler room where they beat your ass and send you out, right? And I was hanging around with the worst fuckin' kids in the school. They came from broken homes, their fathers were in the joint, all that bull-shit.

IN TOUCH: Were you ever in any trouble with the law back then?

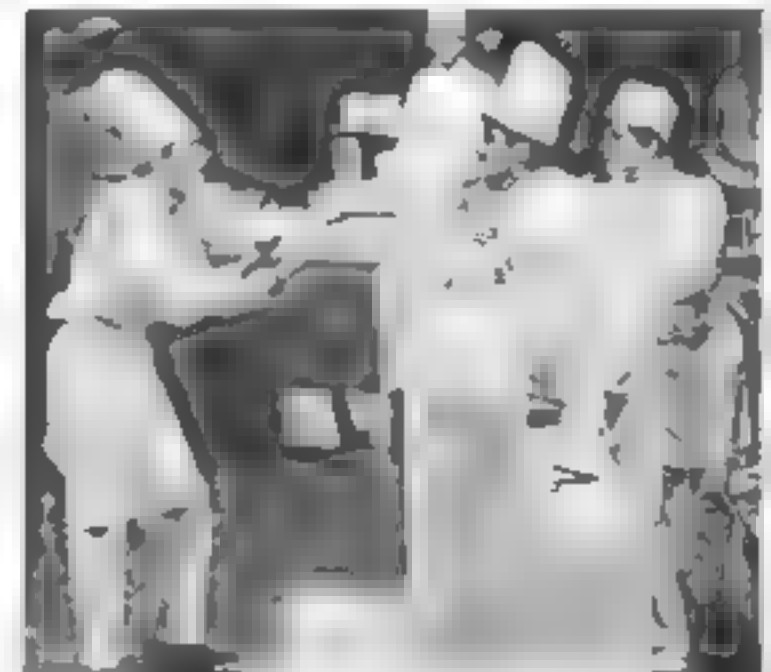
JOHNSON: Hell, yes. One time I'd gotten kicked out of school when I was in the eighth grade, and I was hanging around with my friend Sammy MacDaniels. Now, Sammy MacDaniels knew everything there was to know about cars, right? So Sammy MacDaniels ran up in this driveway and hotwired this car real fast, and we pushed it out and got in it and drove. I was twelve at the time, but Sammy was sixteen. He didn't have his license, but at least he was sixteen. Couldn't get a license. He was on probation for shoplifting, car theft, God knows what all. So there we were joy-riding, and they picked us up and put me away in the Boys' Home. I was only there for a couple of weeks, but when I was twelve years old, I didn't think I'd ever get out. I thought, well, this is it. They've got me and I'll never see daylight again.

IN TOUCH: But you were only in for two weeks?





Don made his professional stage debut in the ACT production of *Your Own Thing* (above). In 1965, Don made his acting debut at South Wichita High School playing Tony in *West Side Story* (above right). At the University of Kansas, Don appeared as one of the cooks in *The Apartment* (center right) and in the chorus of *Gypsy* (2nd from left—bottom right).



JOHNSON: Yeah. They hauled me in and they said, look, kid, you've got one choice. You can either go and live with your father—my father and mother were divorced the year before—or you can stay in the joint. Well, now, I was a pretty dumb kid, but I knew that all I'd ever learn in there was how to hotwire cars better, stick up gas stations, bust safes, that kind of shit. So, I said, there's no question. I'll go and live with my father. So then we moved to Missouri and he opened up a grocery store and married his second wife.

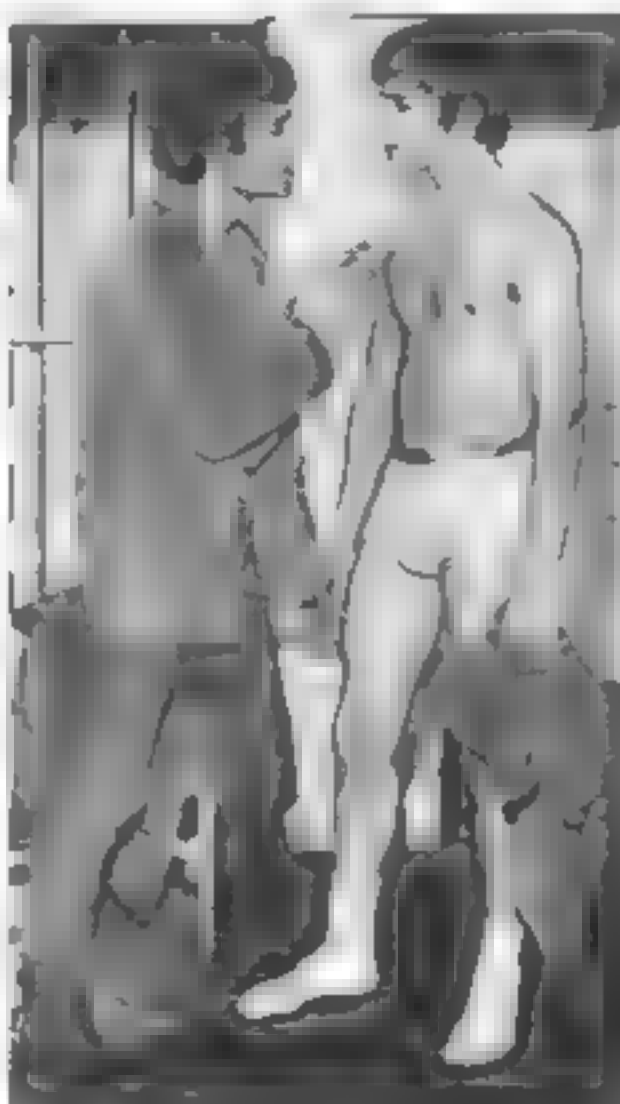
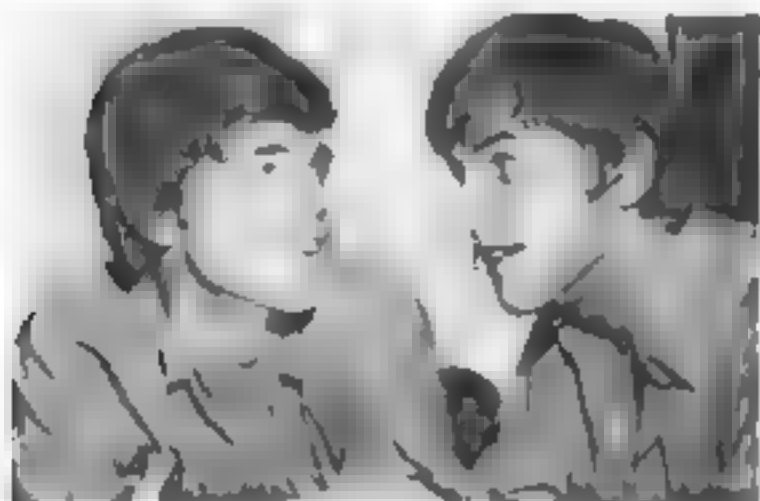
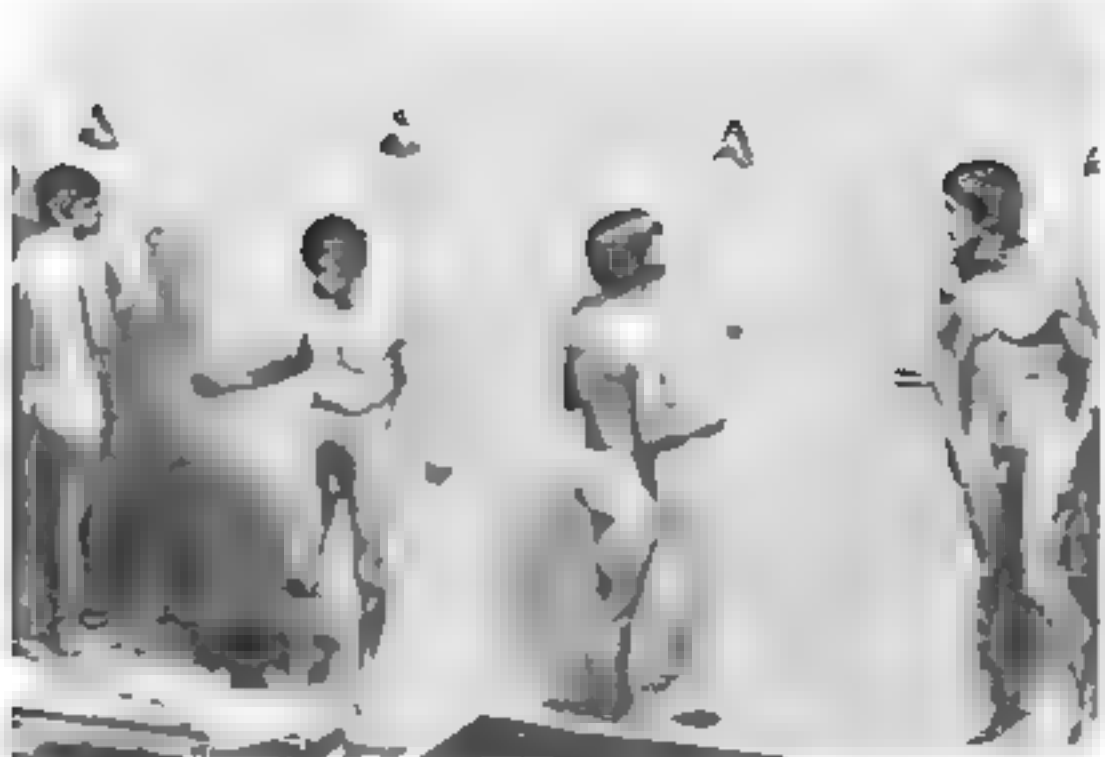
IN TOUCH: You got along pretty well with your father, did you?

JOHNSON: God, no! I hate him. He's a son of a bitch. A beautiful man, and I just love him to death, but I can't stand him. I hate him, but I love him, too. He was just stupid. And it's not really his fault that he was so stupid—I shouldn't really call it that at all. He was unlearned. We all come from the hill country, you know. My father only went to the eighth grade. He's just not worldly. He hasn't traveled. Hasn't seen a lot of things. Hasn't had the opportunity to develop any of his tremendous potential. Because he was trying to just stay alive. Keep out of trouble and pay child support for four kids. So you can't really blame the man for being bitter, right?

He's actually brilliant in a lot of ways. He's a master mechanic. He's super-handy with his hands. And he taught me a lot of things about hardship. He taught me how to deal with hardship, because that's all he ever learned in his life. He sure knew how to deal with hardship!

IN TOUCH: What about your stepmother?

JOHNSON: What about her? She was a stepmother straight out of a storybook, you know. My stepsister was the pet. The stepmother hated the stepson. The stepson hated the stepmother. And we all fought for three years straight.



The cast of *Fortune and Men's Eyes* visited Chino Prison as part of their preparation for the famous L. A. production (Don is second from left and Michael Greer far left, (top left). Tom Reese breaks up a scuffle among the inmates (top right). Gary Tigerman as Mona and Don as Smitty share a warm moment of friendship (second row left). Smitty is a bit overwhelmed by Queenie's (Michael Greer) outfit for the Christmas program (above). Sal Mineo begins an argument with Don Johnson that leads to the famous rape scene which ends Act I (2nd row center, right and below it). In a world where one must be either destroyed or destroyer, Smitty chooses the latter and attempts to rape his friend, Mona (right). As Mona is dragged off and beaten by the guards, Smitty's transformation is completed as he masturbates to the sound of Mona's screams (far right).



IN TOUCH: Did you get into any more trouble?

JOHNSON: Not a bit. I was the good kid. It was the others who were bad.

IN TOUCH: Oh, yeah?

JOHNSON: It's true. I swear to you. I never did a thing wrong. I stopped doing all that. I got down to business. I really did. Well, anyway, I *tried* to be a good kid. But, basically, I'm *not* a good kid, so trying didn't always make it, you know. Once in a while I fell back into my old trip, and when I fell back into it, my old man couldn't understand that it was just a drive that I had to work out for myself. He just couldn't understand it that far—to let me work it out for myself. He just said, there's something rotten in this kid. Must be his mother.

IN TOUCH: You said you fought for three years. What happened then?

JOHNSON: Well, I had a big blowup with my father. I mean, we were always getting into fights, but this time I had to either leave home or beat the shit out of him. And I believed that you should never raise your hand against your father. Of course, that's a bunch of bullshit—I should have hit him with a baseball bat or something, just to show him how crazy I was. Just what he was driving me to. But then again, I would probably still be there, hauling hay for a penny a day. Anyway, it motivated me to get the fuck out of there, and at fifteen I left home.

IN TOUCH: Where did you go?

JOHNSON: I messed around Kansas City for a while, and I finally ended up back in Wichita, back where my mother lived.

IN TOUCH: You got along with her better?

JOHNSON: Couldn't stand her. I mean, I love her to death, you know, but I can't stand her.

IN TOUCH: Seems like I've heard that somewhere before.

JOHNSON: Well, they're good people, my folks. I understand them for the people that they are. That doesn't make me love them any less . . . it just makes me not like them very much. So, anyway, that lasted for about twenty minutes, and then I said, man, I've been do-

ing the same thing for three years. I know what it's like to work hard. I know I can make my own living. Why am I putting up with all this bullshit when I can do my own thing—make my own way, put my own self through school? So, I lived away from home for the whole rest of the time through high school, and I graduated from high school when I was sixteen.

IN TOUCH: Did you find it difficult to make your own way at that age?

JOHNSON: Not at all. It was super-easy for me, because I had this cute little face, and I could just charm my way into anything. At the time I was working in a "bait and switch" operation in a store after school. That's where you draw the people in on a low price, and you take them back and show them the merchandise, and then you switch them to a higher-priced merchandise. That really brought me a lot of money, and then at night I was singing in nightclubs. Dumpy joints in Wichita where I could get a few bucks to stay alive. The whole thing taught me something really valuable—how to make do with absolutely anything. Anything. And how to work my buns off, I don't do that much anymore. I figure I did all that when I was a kid. I worked so hard when I was a kid, I figure I've paid my dues.

IN TOUCH: Was it about then that you first decided to become an actor?

JOHNSON: That was my senior year in high school. They were having a play there—*West Side Story*. And they were trying to cast the lead. I didn't even know what the fuckin' play was about. I was really uncultured. I had no idea what it was all about—theatre and all that stuff. But I was a good singer, and so I figured what the hell, and I tried out and got the lead—Tony—which is a big singing role. And I learned how to act in that play. I learned what it was like to make a scene work. I already had the imagination—imagination galore. I could think of a billion ways to make you crazy. Make you wish you'd never heard of me. I'd always used that, because I liked to get reactions out of people. So now all I had to do was develop this into the technique of acting. That was basically all I had to learn, because I had everything else. I had all the experience, all the hurt, all the pain, to draw

from. Which is what I still draw from now. The pain doesn't get to be any less when you use it that way—it just gets to be a different kind of pain. Anyway, then I really started getting into it. I started reading all the greats. All of Shakespeare's works, everything. And I started picking up on what it was like to be an actor, and I thought, my god, what a great, intangible thing to be into. I mean, it's really fabulous. Why, you can bullshit your way right to the top in this.

IN TOUCH: Bullshit?

JOHNSON: Sure. That's an art. A real art. Some people do it on the street, for their living, and some people do it on a higher level, but it's all bullshit, right down the line. It's just a matter of what level you decide to sling it at. So, being basically an egomaniac, going after the praise, and the money, and all the things you can do with the money, I got into it. I really got into it. Solid. I did some other plays during the school year, and then there was an audition for a summer repertory company at the University of Kansas, and the drama coach turned me on to it. So I did a scene for them, and they hired me for the summer rep company. I got a drama scholarship, and took a full load, all summer long. I made the Dean's Honor Roll, and the next semester they renewed my scholarship, and I barely made it through that semester. Then my last semester in college, I never went to a class. All I was interested in was the theatre department. I hated all those other classes. I realize that it's important to be well-rounded enough to fit into almost any kind of a trip, but I knew what I was going to do, and if I didn't do that, I would rather not be doing anything else.

IN TOUCH: I believe that you made your first movie while you were at the University of Kansas, didn't you?

JOHNSON: My god! How did you know about that? It was a little 20-minute film that high schools show to graduating seniors, giving them a big song and dance about all the opportunities they're going to be having. It was made by a little independent company there in the college town that was always using student actors from the drama department. I went over there to audition, and the man says, god, you're perfect!



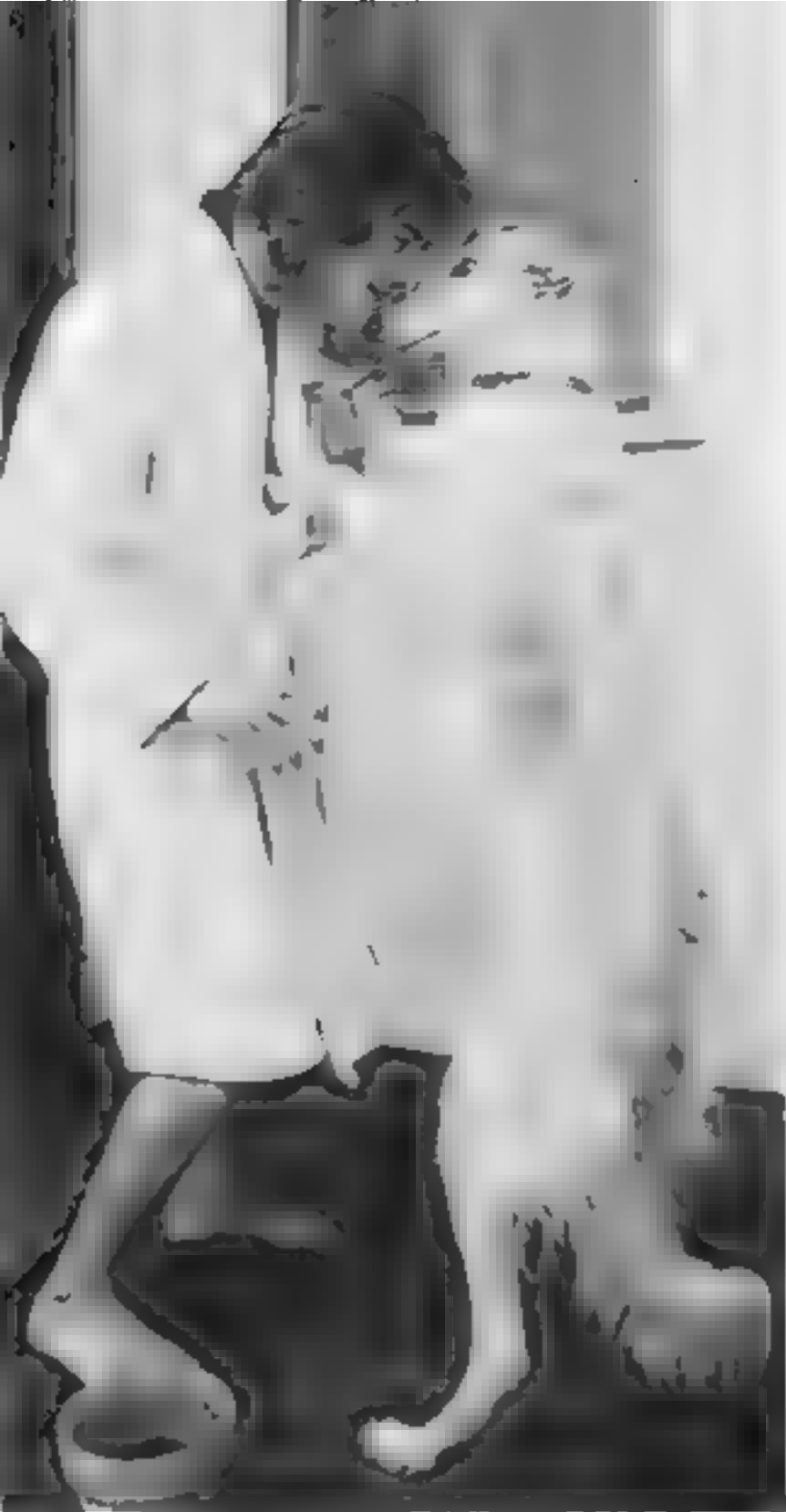
Don Johnson's first movie appearance was in an industrial *Into the World*. Don as he appeared in the *Music Garden of Stanley Sweetheart* (top right). Zachariah (John Rubinstein) and his friend Matthew (Don Johnson) run into an Old Western "hardhat" who doesn't like their loud music, long hair, or far-out ideas in *Zachariah* (above left). Although Stanley (Don Johnson) and Sheila (Laurie Walters) experienced some initial tensions at Harrod, they begin to discover that they are compatible in a scene from *The Harrod Experiment* (above right). Soon to be released is *A Boy and His Dog*, a science fiction film in which Don stars.



You're Mr. American Pie, here. And so I did it. It took me like two or three weeks to shoot. I'd shoot in the afternoons, or around my classes, and I did the whole film for \$200. But I didn't know. Two hundred dollars at the time for doing something like that, I thought Jesus Christ, I'm going to be rich if this keeps up!

IN TOUCH: So how did you get from the University of Kansas to San Francisco?

JOHNSON: Well, I was getting pretty tired of school. Academic theatre is pretty much a bunch of garbage, anyway, and I wasn't getting the parts I used to get, either. See, my first semester I was doing every lead in every play, because it happened that they needed young guys for the leads, and so none of the seniors really got a chance to do their thing. So by the third semester,



they were saying we can't do this with this kid anymore, because he's getting to be a prima donna in the first place, and in the second place our seniors are getting crazy. He's just getting too much action for a freshman, right? And so they cut back. Then I heard of this director coming from the American Conservatory Theater in San Francisco to direct something at the school, and I found out who he was and why he was there and what he was capable of, because I had a line on everybody who came in. You see, I was living with this university professor at the time—she was 29 and she had three kids and she was beautiful, just beautiful. I was living with her and we were carrying on our scene, and we were the scandal of the school. So I had a line on everything that was going down in the school, and I knew this director was coming in, and I prepared a scene for him, and he hired me for ACT. This is my last semester in school, I'm flunking out, and I thought, how great! I'll go to San Francisco, study with this company, make some money, and I'm off on my career.

IN TOUCH: And that's just about how it happened, isn't it?

JOHNSON: Just about. I got to San Francisco, and two weeks later, a rock

musical, *Your Own Thing*, comes into town. I'd never heard of it, but I went up to the musical director and asked him if I could audition for him, and he said sure, come in tomorrow, and I did, and they hired me on the spot to play the lead. And I thought, yea, yea, yea, here I go. So that was my first professional thing. I signed my first Equity contract, and this was it. I'd made it. Anyway, I got lucky, and Sal Mineo heard about me in the show, and he needed my type for *Fortune and Men's Eyes*, which he was casting right then, so he came up and saw me and asked me to fly down to L.A. to read for him.

IN TOUCH: Were you at all apprehensive about that?

JOHNSON: Hell, yes. I'd heard of Sal's reputation. I mean, he has a monstrous reputation. And I was super-naïve at the time. I didn't know anything about all that. I mean, I wasn't so much turned off by the thought of homosexuality—after all, back in the Midwest, on the farms, it's more or less taken for granted that boys will be boys, and while they're growing up they're going to start checking out each other's wee-wees, and see what each other looks like. So that sort of thing didn't turn me off as much as the lecherous way everybody looks at



it out here. So I got down to L.A., and I played it really super-butch, you know? I told him, look now, if you think I'm letting anybody fuck me for this role, you're out of your bean. I really brought down the law to him I said, forget it. I'll just forget my career and the whole damn thing, because I'm not getting involved in that shit. And that just put him on the floor. Rolling on the floor, laughing. 'Cause I was really serious. And he said, you don't have to do any of that. No legitimate producer is going to make that sort of a thing a prerequisite for a part. And so I said, great, then I'll walk through shit a quarter of a mile, I'll do anything you want me to do, but don't get involved with me in a sex scene on any level, 'cause I can't deal with it. You know, Sal was great—he was really great. Of course, there were some wild stories that went down about us, which is fine, because they helped sell a lot of tickets, and every thing. And there have been some outrageous stories about us! God, god, god!

IN TOUCH: Were you concerned about the nudity in the show?

JOHNSON: Well, I never really thought about it at the time, frankly. I said this is a real good thing—this play—and the nudity in it, well ... And it was a very new thing. Nobody was doing it in films really. A little chick nudity, maybe—tits and all that—but no male nudity.

IN TOUCH: And this wasn't just nudity, either. This was an explicit homosexual rape scene.

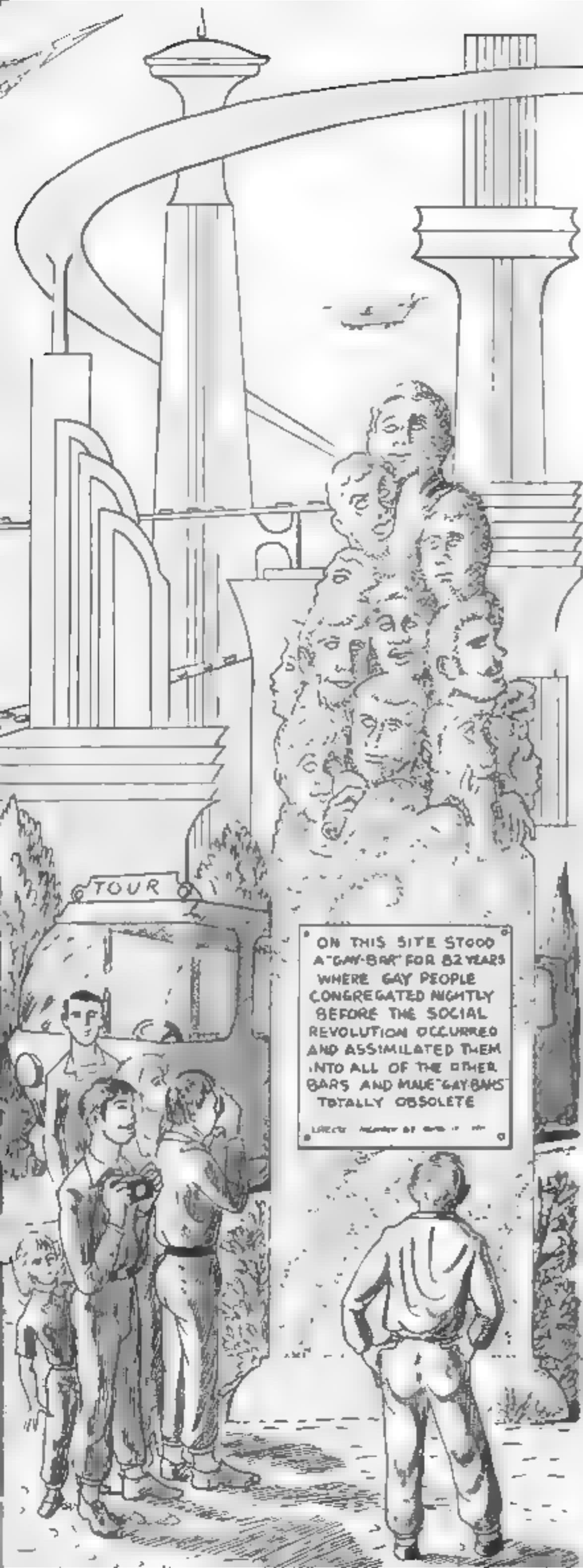
JOHNSON: Yeah. And it was a whole, heavy, heavy number to go through, especially when you're eighteen years old and fresh out of the sticks. I really didn't stop to think about it. I felt this is right, what I'm doing, and so I just forged right on. Basically, I guess, I'm an exhibitionist on some levels. I'm very proud of my body. I'm pleased with the way I look and the way I carry myself. I feel that it's all there to be used: the looks and everything. Some people have great minds, and they were given them for a reason. I've never been accused of having that great a mind, but I do have my looks, and I think that they should be used—see what I mean? So, anyway, I never thought much about it, and then when the play opened and we got rave reviews, shit, it was easy then. I had



proved my point—that I could do something with style and class, and meaning to it, and not be put down for the way I made that statement. That was a big thing in my life. It turned my whole life around. I mean, if you believe in what you're doing, and if you commit to it, and *totally* commit to it, then there's almost nobody that can put you down. If somebody walks up to me and says, you're doing this all wrong, everybody's groovy except you guys, I figure that he can't be too much together, you know?

'Cause I can more or less accept everybody's trip. The lowest junkie—I can understand his trip, not because I'm a junkie, which I'm not, but because I can relate it to other things that I *am* a junkie for. I can understand that need—that desire for something, because I've got the most flipped-out desire pattern of anybody I know. I've got so many vices, sometimes I feel like I'm working my ass off just to keep me in my vices.

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life styles

Is Integratio

In launching Black History Week recently, Tom Bradley, black mayor of a city 85% non-Black, expressed hope that there would soon be no need for such notions as Black History. His remark reveals a singular homage to white-majority icons in a supposedly pluralistic society.

Bradley's thinking seems to be that once men like him can be elected to high office regardless of color, once the schools and buses are adequately integrated and job discrimination forbidden, then Black Pride becomes meaningless and special programs geared to the needs of Blacks become obsolete. It is not a surprising view for one who has made it big in mixed company, but will it serve the whole minority as well? Is making it big in the white world the goal of all Blacks?

The view is exactly paralleled among Gays—for generations, those who hoped to make it had generally to play the "straight-man" games. It boils down to two questions: are discrimination and the fear of arrest the only things which make gay experience unique? And if those clear and present dangers were miraculously removed, would I then have no more in common with other Gays except an occasional sexual encounter?

For us, as for American Blacks, these questions are not mere philosophical exercises. They prescribe our decisions about what strategy is needed for solving present problems and creating, hopefully, a better future for Gays and for the world generally.

It is a question of what we are after, and what is sociologically obtainable. It may be nice to daydream about utterly impractical "solutions" like wishing for the world's governments to give everyone a yacht, an endless supply of fine food and cash, three servants and a suitable harem. Some of us indeed get hung up on such pipedreams, but as a group we need to look for realistic solutions which relate meaningfully to worldwide trends. We obviously have some arguing to do as to just what is practicable, just as we have different opinions on which way the world is heading and how much the world will "tolerate" from us.

Though we needn't confine ourselves to an either/or answer, we must decide whether we expect to find the answer to our present problems in integration or assimilation primarily or in some degree of separatism, perhaps only temporary.

While this is addressed to those serious-minded Gays who are concerned with where we are going and how to get there, it is significant that Gays who do not

n Our Goal?

seem to share their serious preoccupation have also lined up either for integration or separatism. The majority of visible Gays opt for the latter, without much concern for philosophical underpinnings. Yes, they make their minimal commitment to the het world in terms of earning a living, paying their taxes and all that shit, but for the part of their lives that count, they drop entirely into another world, the separate society of bars and baths, balls, bike-runs and boutiques, which somehow grew up like Topsy.

For those who chose it, this gay society, which used to be called the demimonde, provides an almost completely separate existence, reaching its apex when one can even earn a living in the gay community so that you have virtually no contact with the het world.

The integrated Gays, equally unconcerned with theory or with building a better world are the ones who confine their interests and contacts (save for random moments in a tearoom, or attacks of the "Oh was I drunk last night" syndrome) to the hetero world. Some prefer to call them closet types.

There's a moral there if we can find it. . . . Let's get back to how we improve the condition of Gays.

The matter needn't be argued out in absolute terms, though it often is. What it boils down to can be expressed in several other questions, all predicated on the supposition that all discrimination were to end tomorrow.

What if Persecution Were to End. . . ?

Would there be a need still for gay bars? (Persons who believe there is no need for them now will kindly keep out of this argument.) Would some of us still prefer other Gays as companions? Would some Gays still look for gay doctors, realtors or counselors? Would there still be a need for gay-oriented churches, social service agencies, resorts, specialty shops? Would young Gays still need what most young Gays in the past were so distressingly denied, special education to prepare them for the special conditions of gay living? Would we still read gay novels and poetry or get an extra charge out of gay jokes in otherwise non-gay shows? Would gay culture expand and mature, or wither away? Would most Gays prefer living in predominantly gay (or "singles") neighborhoods? Would something like a gay community continue to exist, and maybe thrive with greater freedom? Would Gays have any interest in gay history, or any sense of fellowship with

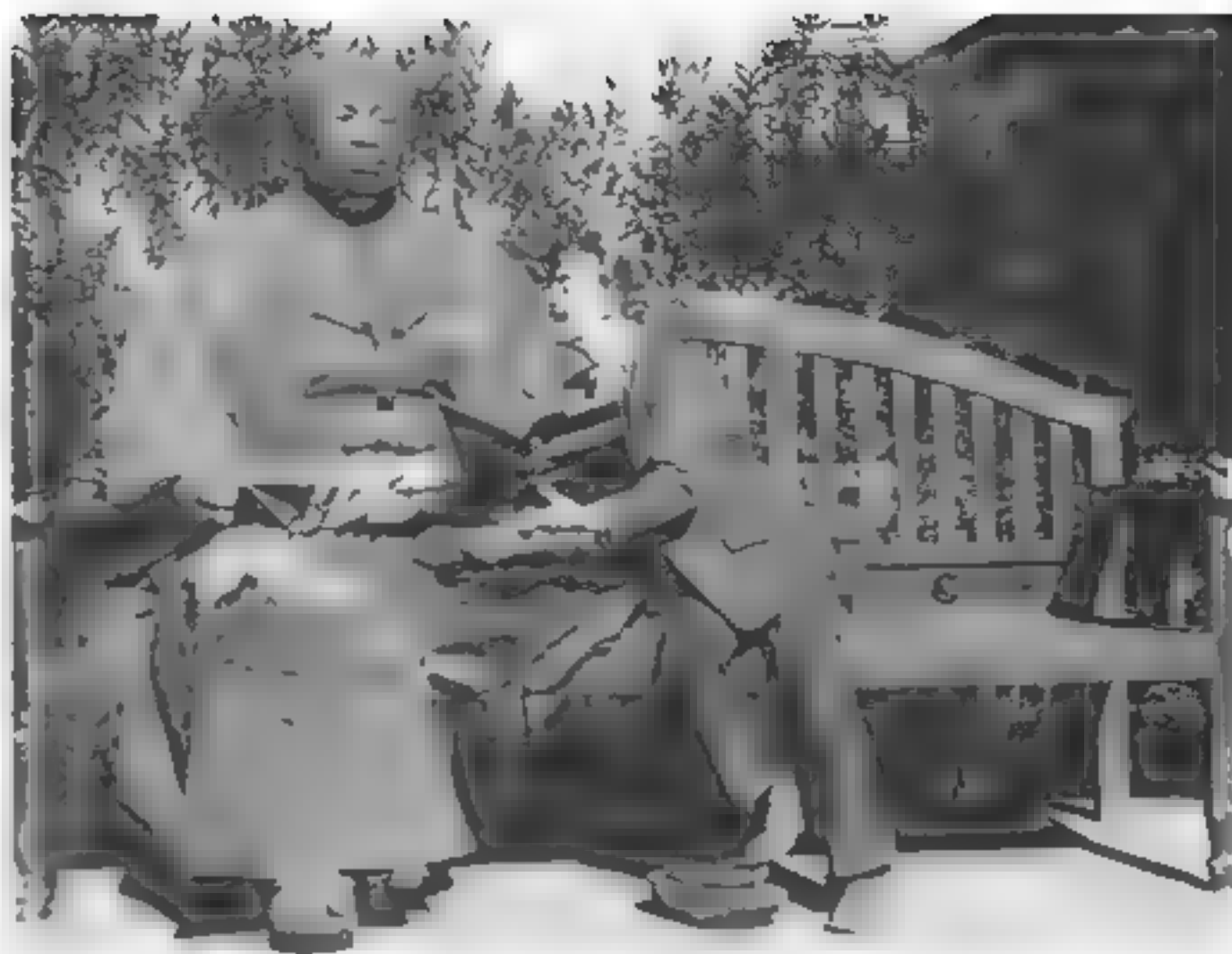
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community leader

the seven league boots of roy dean

by Allan Leopold
photography by Hugh Harrison



Many people, given a chance to trade places with anyone of their choice, would invariably pick one man. It probably wouldn't be Richard Milhous because who, in his right mind, would want to inherit Watergate? Who, then? The blue-eyed former British hurdling champion, Roy Dean. And, why? Mr. Dean makes a living out of traveling to all the exotic, far-flung ports of call, taking with him the most beautiful people on earth who gladly take all their clothes off for his camera. With just three books: *A Time in Eden*, *Before the Hand of Man* and *The Naked Image*, he has carved out an international reputation for himself. His work is unique, told in sweeping, vivid camera strokes against a vast canvas of indescribable beauty. His unerring eye tells him how to construct a shot and what to put in the foreground of it. As a consequence, his staff and Rho-Delta Press simply cannot keep up with the barrage of orders that daily swamp his switchboard. When I interviewed him at his charming hilltop apartment high in West Los Angeles, the telephone rang incessantly like an angry thing. When he tried to ignore it, it positively snarled. People from all over the world were calling, begging for his time and attention. Success only comes quickly if there is merit and Roy Dean worked long and hard for it and is more than ready now that it has come. Nobody else does what he does. Others would like to but, so far, no really serious competitors have appeared on the scene. No one goes as far across the globe as he does and no one sets as high a standard for himself. His two previous works were designed, printed and produced on a Japanese press because no American publisher could meet the exacting requirements Roy insisted upon.

In his quest for the unusual, he has taken his models to Mesa Verde, Colorado; Tokyo, Japan; Maui in the Hawaiian Islands; the wilderness of Lake Powell in Utah; Tahiti, Fiji, Bora Bora, Sweden, Canada and all of the Caribbean. To photograph them, he has dived to the ocean's depths in scuba gear, climbed high into tropical jungles, hovered overhead in a helicopter, been snowed in by a Tokyo blizzard, stepped on a rattlesnake as he was framing a shot, and fallen waist-deep into a murderous, sucking quagmire attempting to reach a particularly remote location. He has been attacked by swarms of mosquitoes in the Tropics and continued shooting, his face a mass of raw stings, with hundreds of the tenacious insects clinging to his eyelids, nose and neck. He has been in the eye of a cyclone, an ugly black squall that roared out of the sky and pitched his equipment and precious film into a roiling sea. Undeterred, he went overboard to rescue it, more concerned with the preservation of months of work than for his own personal safety. Some of the results are recorded on these pages through the lens of his electric Nikon F.2. As if all this weren't enough, he has been plagued with temperamental models. Roy will be the first to tell you that beauty does not always walk hand in hand with charm and grace. Some of his men smoked pot. Some refused to cooperate in the rugged terrain. Some decided long lunch breaks were in order. Some complained of the cold. Some complained of the heat. Others thought more of sightseeing than concentrating on the extremely rigorous work at hand. A Roy Dean day commences at 6 a.m., just as the sun is rimming the horizon (some of his most startling effects are achieved at this hour) and continues to 6 p.m.



in the evening. Roy exposes unbelievable amounts of film during the course of a field trip. On his last junket he went through 1,000 rolls of Tri X Black and White and Professional Ektachrome color negative. How did all this begin? Cock an ear to Mr. Dean speaking

"I've gone 60,000 miles in five years since it all started in 1968. I received an offer to make a documentary film about the Caribbean. I needed an assistant. In selecting one I thought: *Why can't he be photogenic so I can use him in front of the camera as well as behind it?*

"In scouting the remote locations, it occurred to me that these were perfect settings for the story of the first man on earth. Because of the extreme heat on these atolls, clothing isn't really necessary. Why not shoot the documentary and my assistant as Adam at the same time?

"Thus the idea was born and flourished through a sequel, *The Ecstasy of Eden*, the second part of my projected series. I have just returned from a long trip to Hawaii preparing for that one. *In Search of Adam*, my third book to star John Corvello [Mr. Jr. California] and, finally, *Outside of Eden*.

"Finding the models is a hideous task, really. When I locate the right face, the body is wrong. When I get the right body, the face is wrong. When I find a rare combination of the two, I often encounter difficult wives or agents. Five of my six recent models were married

with children. They say: 'I don't want my husband's naked body in other girls' bedrooms.'

"Sometimes models are actually encouraged by their wives. They agree themselves and then suddenly, without warning, they change their minds. I found an excellent model in John Appleton but couldn't use him. He refused to shave off his mustache. A mustache looks Victorian and is incongruous to me on a naked body. Ninety-nine percent of the guys don't look good with long hair. The Jesus Christ look is not what I'm after, yet I will compromise on a modified look. I don't like white asses either. They destroy the illusion of communing with nature and give the appearance of having just parted company with their shorts. However, most models do tan up once the sun gets to them.

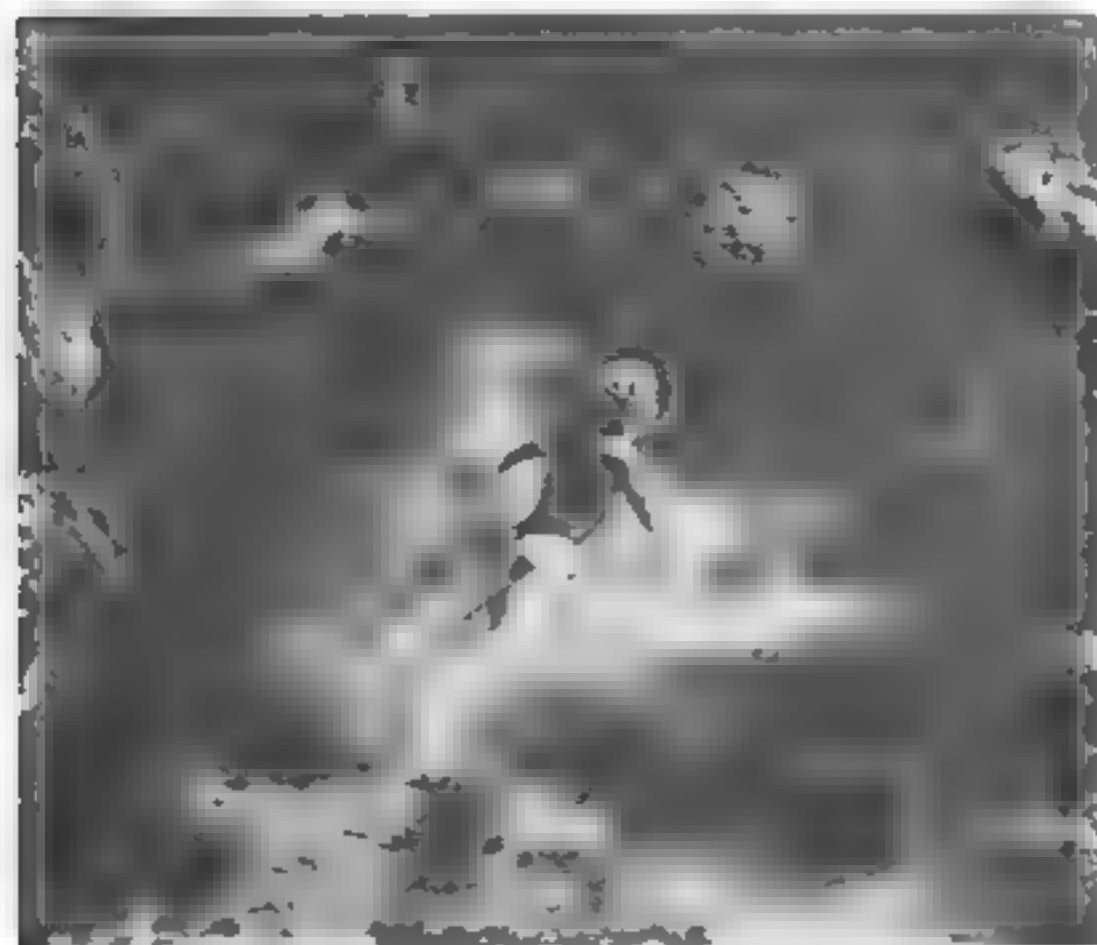
"I'd love to work with the important weight-lifters. People like Franco Columbo, Frank Zane [Mr. America], Arnold Schwarzenegger [Mr. Universe] and Rick Wayne [Mr. World]. These men would look great in the wilderness with their bodies at the peak of perfection."

"Where would you like to take them?"

"Micronesia. That would be my dream. Relay a message to Continental Airlines that I'd be willing to shoot anything for them there in exchange for passage of myself and crew plus hotel accommodations."

"What has been your most beautiful location so far?"





Roy visits Japan and compares his works with those of another famous artist (page 26, top). Bob Gentry was the subject of Roy's *A Time in Eden* (top). Jim Guissi was one of the models featured in Dean's *Before the Hand of Man* (center). Gary Baunmann is one of the subjects in Roy's latest book, *The Naked Image* (bottom--In Touch, March '74). These photos are all by Roy Dean

"Bora Bora. You simply cannot imagine how gorgeous it is. You see pink brain coral almost ten feet high. Embedded in it are hundreds of opened clam shells. They look like myriads of colored snakes. The water is blue and absolutely crystal clear. When you touch the shells, they close in a shower of shimmering iridescence. The atolls of Bora Bora refract every color of aquamarine and turquoise imaginable. They are like exquisite pastel paintings. The weather is humid and sultry and my native guide lopped off the head of a green coconut for me. It is the greatest ice-cold nectar I have ever tasted."

"What *modus operandi* have you tried in your travels?"

"Horses, sailboats, motor yachts, large chartered commercial yachts, houseboats, helicopters, jeeps, to name a few. I always pack complete picnic lunches for my models along with first-aid kits, camping gear, hip boots for wading in deep water and tanning oils. In the wilderness of Utah we lived for long periods on a houseboat and I shot against those towering massive



shale cliffs. On my last trip to Hawaii I took along four models, a captain, a cook and a production assistant."

"What about inclement weather?"

"I love it when it rains as the effect on film is quite lovely."

"What about those mosquitoes?"

"Oh, they enjoy my blue English blood. I take vitamin E to repel them. But I fear it makes your body perspiration unwelcome to fellow humans too. I always hope my models won't get unsightly bites in important places. Spoils the shots, you know."

"Are any of the models you worked with titleholders?"

"Oh yes. John Tristram was Mr. America. So was Don Peters. Bill Grant is the present one and, of course, John Corvello, my star of *In Search of Adam*, is Mr. Jr. California."

"A lot of people would like to see a Roy Dean book with color pictures throughout. Would that be very expensive?"

"It would cost at least \$40,000 with 100 pages in hardcover. To break even, at least 10,000 copies would have to be sold at \$25 apiece. Something like that might be possible in the future."

"Tell me about all that jewelry you wear around your neck."

"The strands of blue wampum beads are called *hashi*. They're my trademark and bring luck. The turquoise Indian bolo is what cowboys wear instead of ties. I bought it in Colorado on my last trip there."

"Just the thing to wear to a cocktail party."

"Well, I'm bored with stocks and bonds and I can't wear those."

"Speaking of cocktail parties, there's a famous quotation I understand was made at one concerning you."

Roy laughed.

"I know the quote: 'He does what Moses would have done had Moses had a camera.'"

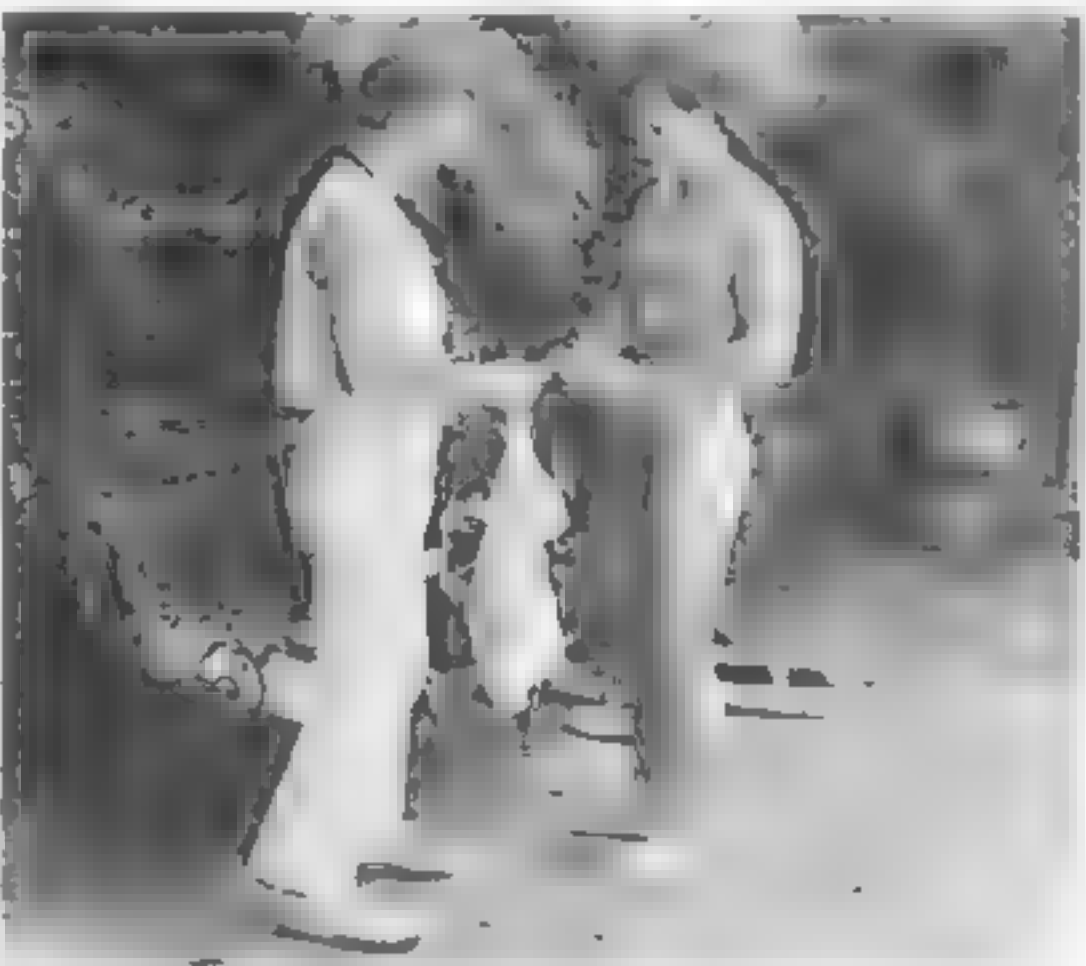
Ever the perfect host, Mr. Dean got up to refresh my drink and passed by a really sensational seascape I had been drooling over since my arrival.

"Whose work is that?"

"Bennett Bradbury. He's the foremost marine painter currently living in America. He works out of Laguna and is a friend of mine. He personally painted and dedicated that to me. It was a gift and his work sells for a bloody fortune. He calls it 'The Edge of Eden.'"

Roy had just finished hanging a large painting by Cylmer of a fishing smack that morning. He found it at the Carnaby Galleries in Laguna.

"This San Francisco artist paints boats beautifully and I just had to have this one. It constantly draws me to the Gulf current. You see, I'm always ready to set sail for a new and undiscovered clime."









by Douglas Dean
with photos by author



APPLAUSE in SAN FRANCISCO

It may be that Kimo's production of *Applause*, which opens at California Theatre on Polk Street on May 4th and plays Wednesday through Sundays for a scheduled run of five weeks, will turn out to be the most dazzling musical featuring local talent in San Francisco theatre history.

When Comden and Green, co-authors of the Broadway hit, heard that Charles Pierce was being sought for the star role of Margo Channing they immediately released the rights to their cherished property, for they have long been fans of Charles' and they knew that his appearance in the musical would bring an entirely new dimension to the part of Margo and to the play as a whole.

Kimo at once booked the old California Hall, renamed it California Theatre, re-mixed it at considerable expense, and then started rounding up a top-notch cast and technical crew to support his talented "leading lady."

Although many of these performers and technical artists have participated in previous so-called gay theatre in San Francisco, it cannot be said that *Applause* is a completely gay production. Charles Pierce, who refers to himself as a "male actress," is the only man who appears on stage in drag. The other female roles are being played by women, and the masculine parts

are played by men in male attire.

I attended the first full company call for *Applause* at SIR headquarters in late February and had a chance to talk with Kimo and several members of the cast and crew.

The air was charged with excitement. Everybody present seemed to sense that they were on the verge of a most unusual theatrical experience.

"How do you feel, Kimo?" I asked the producer during a coffee break, for I knew that he was not only financing the show with his own money but was directing it as well.

"I feel great," he said enthusiastically. "Some of my friends warned me that I might have trouble directing a star of Charles' caliber. But he's been cooperative and very agreeable to everything I've suggested."

Kimo is well known as an entertainer in his own right, and has performed his Tahitian fire and sword dances in many clubs throughout the country. He was also active in musical theatre and summer stock in Hawaii. His San Francisco production of *Dames at Sea* was well received by the Bay Area critics several months ago.

"The entire company of *Applause*, with the exception of Charles," Kimo confided, "was chosen through open auditions. Over two hundred people auditioned,

and about fifty were chosen for the cast. When the production costs for the show are paid off, the actors will share in the profits."

The complicated sets for *Applause* are being designed by Dick Dunn, also from Hawaii, who makes his San Francisco theatrical debut with this production. The musical direction is being handled by Mike Bragi, whose work Kimo admired with the Contra Costa Musical Theatre.

Charles Pierce's costumes are designed by Pat Campano, winner of many awards for his costumes in previous local productions, and who is now officially designing for the Supremes. "I've made no attempt to stick to what the script of *Applause* suggests," Pat admitted with a shrug and a laugh. "I never pay much attention to scripts. I've found it much more satisfactory just to follow my own instincts. For this production I've designed twelve changes for Charles—all with the sophisticated look, naturally—pantsuits, dressing gowns, hats, and three rather spectacular evening gowns."

I asked Lee Raymond, who is designing and making approximately one hundred and sixty-five costumes for the rest of the company, how he and Pat are coordinating styles and colors. "The show is completely *Today*," Lee replied, "and Pat and I have agreed that the colors he uses for Charles' clothes will not appear in costumes for the other principals or for the members of the chorus."

Lee is from New York, having lived in San Francisco for slightly over a year. He currently does his own show in clubs and designs a large part of Kimo's personal wardrobe.

Audrey Holmes, a charming blonde from Brooklyn, New York, appears as Eve Harrington, the young actress who worms her way into Margo's personal life and then threatens the star's career in the play's action. Audrey earns her living in San Francisco through television commercials and singing engagements. She currently appears three nights a week at *On the Q.T.*, the popular Polk Street bistro.

"Eve is the most challenging role I've ever had," she said brightly, "and I can't tell you how pleased I am to be working with Charles Pierce. It's truly a thrilling experience." (Those lines sound like they might be spoken by Eve Harrington herself. Watch out, Charles!)

Kimo remarked that he felt very fortunate to have secured a choreographer such as Jean Martin for the show. "Not only because she's talented and has such excellent experience and training, but because she's such a warm and likable person. I interviewed twenty-three different choreographers for *Applause*, and the dancers told me that never had they been made to feel so comfortable and relaxed on stage as they were with Jean."

An attractive brunette, Jean Martin has indeed enjoyed a fascinating career. She was a protégée of the famed Duncan Sisters, toured with Jimmy Durante and Eddie Bracken in club shows, and also did the USO circuit with Danny Thomas. In addition, she worked with Hermes Pan and Nick Castle in Hollywood.

At present Jean lives on the Peninsula near San Francisco and has been teaching dance to many teenagers and young adults. "It's my way of fighting the drug scene and keeping the kids off the streets," she told me.

Jean's rapport with the chorus boys and girls was very evident as she lined them up on the stage and began giving them basic instructions. She was also friendly enough to see that my coffee cup was filled while I mingled with the company, chatted with the principals and took a few pictures.

Margo Channing's lover Bill Samson in *Applause* is being played by John Noles, a good-looking six-footer relatively new to the San Francisco area. "I came here three years ago from Iowa, if you can believe it," he confessed with a laugh. "Cherokee, Iowa. Ever hear of it? Well, I'm not surprised. Few people have!"

John has most recently done solo work in the Bay vicinity, although he has played several roles with the Woodminster Music Theatre. He was selected for the part of Bill Samson at the open auditions.

Tony Michaels, who plays the key role of Duane, Margo's hairdresser, is another young man who has had several seasons with the Woodminster Music Theatre. In San Francisco itself he has appeared in several Yonkers productions, namely *Hello, Dolly!* and *The Boy Friend*.

Ed Huberman, a regular on the "Streets of San Francisco" television series, was awarded the role of the columnist, Stan, and Monty Crooks, proprietor of the Cameo Cabaret in Palo Alto and a familiar figure at



many Bay Area social and political events, has been cast as Margo's producer, Howard Benedict.

But as capable and energetic as all of these individuals might be, it is Charles Pierce, of course, who—like a fine wine rounds off a satisfying meal—adds a touch of style and class and a bit of extra magic to this production of *Applause*.

I had heard it rumored around San Francisco for many months that Kimo was negotiating with Charles to play Margo Channing. It was not until Charles and I met quite accidentally at the Burbank airport in mid-January and shared a seat on a flight back to San Francisco, however, that he confirmed to me the deal was set.

"In a way," he said, as we talked again in late February at the first company meeting, "it's very fitting that I should be playing Margo Channing. Margo is the very first character I did in drag—Bette Davis as Margo, that is—at parties in Hollywood. You remember that scene from *All About Eve* when Margo sits at her dressing table with a wig band around her head? That's the scene I did. I don't remember the dialogue anymore—but now that I'm playing the complete Margo, things have come full cycle. Don't say circle, that sounds so final. Say *cycle*—please!"

I laughed. "Does this mean, then, that your Margo has a touch of Bette Davis in her?"

"Oh, my, no. *No*. I'm not impersonating Bette Davis in this part. Well, there may be three or four lines which will *sound* like Bette—because I do Bette Davis as Margo in my club act, you know. But I expect to find the right voice for my own interpretation of Margo during rehearsals. I'm going to wear a wig and heels during all my scenes at early rehearsals. That's so the other actors can relate to me properly and they won't be startled when they see me fully gowned at

the first dress rehearsal."

"So how do you feel, Charles, abandoning your club act to do a book show?"

He lifted an eyebrow. "How would *you* feel, after working clubs for eighteen years, to be doing your first full musical and your first character written expressly for a woman? I'm really entering virgin territory."

"Charles Pierce in virgin territory? That *is* news!"

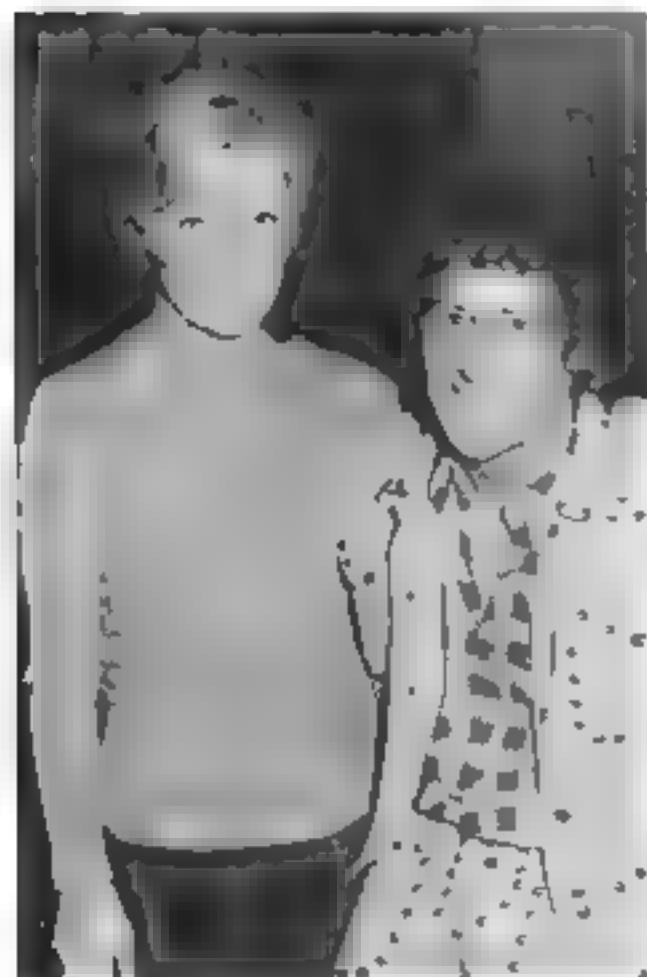
"Well—the effect is shattering, let me tell you. But the idea is stimulating, too. I feel like a thousand battery-operated vibrators were caressing me. No, no, you'd better not say that. Make it a hundred vibrators. Oh, well, what the hell, go ahead and say it—a *thousand* vibrators!"

Some years ago when Charles had a sensational run at Bimbo's I reviewed his show and I mentioned that Charles Pierce had become such an institution in San Francisco that the city fathers ought to tear down Coit's Tower and put up a statue of Charles in its place.

Later, when I attended another performance at Bimbo's, Charles introduced me from the stage and commented on this remark which had appeared in print. He said he appreciated the suggestion. "But I couldn't bear to have them tear down Mr. Coit's last erection!"

Now, with the sound and music of *Applause* ringing in our ears, there seems only one alternative for those of us who are fans of Charles Pierce.

If we can't tear down Coit's Tower we will simply have to find a new *hill* where, from a lofty pedestal, a statue of Charles, wigged and gowned as Margo Channing, can gaze out over the Bay, welcoming ships and planes with an ironic but good-humored expression which seems to say (paraphrasing Margo), "Fasten your seat belts, friends. You're going to have a *lovely time*!"



The wonderful Charles Pierce (page 32, left), who will play Margo Channing, and Kimo (page 32, right), who is the producer/director, sign Charles' contract for the new San Francisco production of *APPLAUSE* (page 32, center). Lee Raymond, Jean Martin, Kimo, Pat Campano and Dick Dunn have a production conference (page 33). Audrey Holmes, who plays Eve, poses with Kimo (left). Charles, Audrey and Kimo discuss the score (below). Tony Michaels, who plays Margo's hairdresser, applies his first comb to Charles' locks (left).



TOPS AND BOTTOMS

You're probably asking yourself "What do they mean by casual?" Well, we don't know the answer, because in Southern California it seems to mean almost anything from new satin shirts to old patchwork Levi's.

We chose two contrasting locations to emphasize the many forms that casual clothes may take: the Sherman Oaks Playhouse, birthplace of *A Country Musical*, and in the open air of Wattles Park.

So we suppose that "casual" means anything that gives you, the wearer, that relaxed feeling.

Jules Stromei's The Aard Vark's Odd Arc, 7579 Melrose, specializes in rack after rack of clothes from the past, with an emphasis on the '40s and '50s shirts and pants that are suddenly back in demand. They also feature jackets and patchwork Levi's. Our IN TOUCH models spent a sunny afternoon romping through Wattles Park in their Aard-Vark casuals.

The Garment District located on the Strip at 8814 Sunset Blvd., offers some of the most popular clothing worn by some of the most popular celebrities in our town. They offer a large selection of oldies but goodies, but many of their new clothes will give you a flash from the Fifties, too. And for you satin lovers the Garment Right

Stage Door Johnny

Here's James wearing the Garment District's Marilyn Monroe sweater while waiting for showtime.





Above

Michael and James look distracted in two of the Garment District's fabulous Fifties shirts with elastic waistbands.

Below

All our models are seen here in sat in shirts and pants in a variety of contrasting colors, from the G.D



Above

Jim sports a long-sleeve, wide-lapel shirt culled the South Street with white wide leg denims. Garment District.

Page 3 and Right

Jim wears a shiny cub scout shirt with plaid, cuffed, high-waisted pants. Michael has a Wally Reid sweater with straightleg, pleated pants.

District has satins and baggies exclusively designed. Stop in and say hi to Janet, Nancy or Tom.

And now say "Hi" to our models, Jim Kepler, Michael Herlache and James Milo

Jim Kepler is young and very ambitious. And why shouldn't he be? He has a lot going for him in his life. Jim loves modeling and hopes to do some acting as soon as he can feel his way around Hollywood. Jim only arrived here in February and already he has done a couple of other modeling jobs for upcoming publications. Welcome, Jim Kepler, and good luck

Michael Herlache is a musical genius. I first heard him play at





one of those Hollywood parties and he really puts a lot into his ivories. He also plays several other musical instruments. Michael loves the beach and the inspiration that the sea can give. Aside from being extremely striking he is one of the most congenial and warm beauties I've seen. Michael has been in Hollywood only a couple of years and I'm sure we will be hearing a lot more from him in the future.

James Milo is a filmmaker and artist who just returned to Los Angeles after two years teaching film history and production at Michigan State University. He first came to Hollywood to get his Master's in Cinema at USC, and now he has been lured back to Hollywood to pursue his career as a writer, director. He is currently with Aquarius Productions and his new animated cartoon, *Viva Dirk*, is presently in release. James' varied talents make him one of the mellow new artists of the Seventies.





Left Above

By A Waterfall

James and Jim pose in Aardvark original Hawaiian shirts here where the whispering waters play

Left Below

12-16-44-HIKE! Pick the jersey that you like. A.V.

Above

HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD! Three Western shirts, teeth and eyes and never mind the choreography, keep on truckin'.

Right

The Wattles Park Japanese gate frames this trio of Aardvark's original patchwork denim pants, jackets, and vests.



A LOST CHANCE ?

by Jim Kepner

I was hardly a connoisseur of Scotch whiskey last June when Jerry La Rocco of Macnish Scotch approached SPREE's Board of Directors of which I was then acting President. (SPREE is an open-membership gay film, theatre and social club set up in honor of filmmaker Pat Rocco.) He offered to show a travelogue-like Macnish production film at the next SPREE meeting and Pat brought samples of this fine blended Scotch. He had already hand-inserted a full-page advertisement in *Drummer* (a paper my writings were then appearing in).

I was reluctant about anything "so commercial," but we approved and SPREE had its party. We knew it was a historic breakthrough. National advertisers had been adamantly resistant to doing any special promotions in the gay community lest the reputation of faggotry rub off on them.

Macnish was later also served at several ONE Incorporated parties and their ads appeared in the *Advocate* and in *Drummer* with a fine photo of filmmaker Pat Rocco, posed rather in the camp-serious fashion of the classic Calvert ads of three decades back. (Pat donated his income from the ad to the New Orleans Memorial Fund.)

It looked as if the gay community had broken the seemingly insurmountable barrier on advertising from national companies and gotten a chance to demonstrate that gay buying power does exist. If Macnish got a fair return on the campaign, surely larger advertisers would take notice.

Macnish is an old conservative firm which has maintained a high-quality product but has avoided the heavy advertising which has made household names of such comparable-quality brands as JB and Cutty Sark (and driven their prices up accordingly). Our experiences on a few social occasions proved Macnish to be a full-bodied, smooth, light blend which converted even non-Scotch drinkers like myself. (Maybe it was the rocks that did the trick.) I rushed out to buy some and found smaller brands virtually unobtainable in the wilds of Torrance where I live—Macnish is better distributed in Hollywood and points west and in the Valley.

* * * *

An elegantly handsome man, Jerry La Rocco comes across with intense and warm sincerity. While working for a West Hollywood liquor distributor several years

ago, he became well acquainted with the management and clientele of several of the finer gay bars, liked them and recognized that Gays constitute a sizable and dependable chunk of the market—in liquor stores as well as in bars. He knew the old stereotyped notions: what homosexuals were supposed to be like, but instead he found himself repeatedly in the company of easygoing, likable guys: "wonderful people really—great fun."

Blacks were already successfully demanding that a share of the distillers' mammoth advertising budgets go to black publications, and the initial fear of stigmatization and bankruptcy thought to be the sure fate of any company which dared to slant their advertising toward black customers had proven groundless. The first companies to break that taboo not only reaped sizable sales in the black market but they suffered no notable backlash in sales to whites.

Why, La Rocco wondered, would none of the liquor companies make any advertising pitch to the Gays who certainly constituted a sizable chunk of their market? He got the answer whenever he broached the idea. Executives responded with all the old stereotypes and prejudice, the fear of "tying our company name with that kind of people." It bugged him because he had learned what kind of people most Gays really are.

Here was a sizable class who regularly patronized the big-name products while their own publications were systematically starved for the advertising revenue spent to sell those products and Gay-run charitable and educational organizations received not one cent of the sizable contributions made each year by those same companies for tax-deductible purposes.

La Rocco was convinced that Gays, given the chance, could easily demonstrate to any liquor company or other advertiser (clothing manufacturers, for example) how much economic clout they actually have. He had not heard about the lethargy which some attribute to the gay community—that was not evident in the staff and early afternoon customers he had met at the Valli Haus, the Four Star, the Garden District and other locations.

Then La Rocco became Macnish general manager for Southern California and Arizona. Macnish may rank about tenth in sales among Scotch brands. But its small size actually makes it an ideal test of the gay community's buying power.

are you with it?



NOT IF YOU'RE WITH IT! Macnish is a Scotch Whisky that has been around for over 100 years. It's a blend of the finest Scotch Whiskies, and it's the most popular Scotch Whisky in the world. Macnish is a Scotch Whisky that has been around for over 100 years. It's a blend of the finest Scotch Whiskies, and it's the most popular Scotch Whisky in the world. Macnish is a Scotch Whisky that has been around for over 100 years. It's a blend of the finest Scotch Whiskies, and it's the most popular Scotch Whisky in the world.

Macnish Scotch Whisky

The amateurish cast of many gay publications is at least partly due to the unavailability of big advertising revenue. Though Macnish was no big Madison Avenue account, it was nonetheless the sort of ad campaign which major agencies would quickly notice if any sudden upturn in sales resulted.

If Schenley's, for example, were to advertise in gay publications (which they have reportedly refused to do) and as much as a quarter of gay drinkers switched their way, the effect on Schenley sales would be noticeable but unspectacular. But if half as many Gays switched to Macnish, the effect on that smaller company would be overwhelming, and Schenley's would know about it soon enough to take action to court back their lost trade.

La Rocco set out to persuade the top men at Macnish to give it a try. He met at first with the old fears and stereotyped reactions—and a flat refusal.

But he persisted, and got the go-ahead in early 1973, though it certainly was no giant advertising budget. The ads appeared in the *Advocate* and in *Drummer*, with some extra public relations at a few social occasions. Several bars were sold on stocking Macnish, and nothing much happened.

Macnish did not suddenly become the asked for Scotch. The company received a very few letters congratulating them for advertising in gay papers. *Drummer*, having been paid for three ads, folded after the first, and Mr. La Rocco is still miffed at that, though

publisher John Embry says he offered a refund or other compensation. Pat Rocco also received congratulatory mail but the effect on Macnish sales was negligible. Most gay bar customers still either take the "well" Scotch or ask for one of the widely advertised brands whose quality is certainly equaled by Macnish.

So perhaps Macnish can forget about it. Jerry La Rocco isn't likely to. But should we? While the company was not being particularly philanthropic, and while an upturn in their local sales would undoubtedly benefit them, a good return on their investment would have been of even greater benefit to the gay community.

It isn't just gay magazine and newspaper publishers who would benefit—though larger ad revenues would surely help them and give their readers better and more stable publications.

It would do a lot to break down the "untouchable" image of Gays generally, if only by winning non-gay businessmen like La Rocco as allies. It would make new openings for Gays in employment. Would you need to hide your gayness from employers who are openly advertising in the gay media? And soon, companies would be hiring open Gays as distributors and ad representatives for the gay market. If the big advertisers with all their influence got behind us, would ful-

Continued on Page 64



Each bottle of Macnish Scotch Whisky is donated to the Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual Center in New Orleans. Macnish is a Scotch Whisky that has been around for over 100 years. It's a blend of the finest Scotch Whiskies, and it's the most popular Scotch Whisky in the world. Macnish is a Scotch Whisky that has been around for over 100 years. It's a blend of the finest Scotch Whiskies, and it's the most popular Scotch Whisky in the world.



discovery

line, form,

and the basic

jonathan douglas

by Hugh Harrison

photography by Dave Sands

Separating art from the artist is hard at best but with Jonathan Douglas it's just simply impossible. A painter and sculptor, he truly is his art. He picked up his first crayola at about the age of six months and—talk about hooked!—has just never stopped drawing. This young obsession began in Water-vliet, Michigan, and he came by his artistic heritage quite naturally. His father is a very talented architect who 'burned-out' in San Francisco . . . much the same way John was to do years later . . . then moved to the quiet midlands of this country where he designed and built a cabin on a lake, met and married a local girl and finally fathered a son and daughter. Here, amid these very natural values, John grew up. It was a storybook childhood with no soul-shaking tremors . . . just a nice loving relationship with both his parents and sister. He refers to it as "all very ordinary." Even his predestined possession with art was not just endured by his family, as it is with so many other talented fledgling artists and performers. Instead, they really encouraged young John. All this early naturalization, both in his surroundings and on the part of his friends and family, easily found its way into young John's first drawings. It is now refined and reflected not only in his work, planes of color and texture, but in an almost reverent respect for all things living.

This primary idea of not being able to separate art from artist is nowhere more apparent than in the accompanying photographs of Jonathan Douglas. Not only is his prime force of motivation presently sculpture, but as the photos themselves will attest, his physical being is just that . . . sculpture. Since beauty is an absolute for him he sees to it that his body is absolutely beautiful, and that it's kept that way. Even when he was young this sense of natural beauty quickly turned his attention to his own body and keeping it fit. Fortunately his family wasn't given to that quaint American custom, false modesty. His discovery

of body was treated with little or no regard other than he was taught that his body was to be thought of as art, all its functions were very natural and to keep it as fit as possible. This idea he readily accepted and supported by participating in sports—basketball, track, football, swimming, baseball, et al. Keeping fit is an idea that's remained with him very much intact. He still works out every day.

John's approach to the entire interview was extremely direct and straightforward. He's neither overt nor withdrawn. As we started our rap session I was at first somewhat uneasy. When I'd first met John and introduced myself to him, I'd noticed a loose, casual, totally unstudied grace. It wasn't the walk and movement of either a dancer or athlete but rather that of a true natural animal. So, it was with some surprise that I found his conversation—at first, at least—somewhat guarded. That's what I thought. It's not that he took so long to respond. He did that with lightning speed, almost before a question was out of my mouth he was already answering it. But the answers were handled in some careful deliberate way. It was only after a number of back-and-forth exchanges that I began to realize that John wasn't being guarded at all. John was searching John, making sure all his answers were truth. All the careful, thoughtful answers about his younger years were done with quizzical amusement. He wasn't really sure why his plain, ordinary childhood could be of interest (my interest in it was exactly for that reason). However, once Art came to the fore, the former amusement was swept under a carpet of involvement. Oh, the answers were still careful and measured, just pursued with a far more distinct purpose. His work is such an all-encompassing part of his life that the pattern of our earlier conversation, neatly chronologically accurate, was suddenly all hopscotched into a jigsaw pattern puzzle, layerings of color and texture, not unlike his work, that textured his life to his work and its



relationships to that work, or just to him ... both being the same.

His pursuit of art and life ... and vice versa ... is direct and purposeful like his decision to go to San Francisco, a city he recalls with some trepidation. He went seeking ... what? Some more deeper involvement in art, probably. That's the way he puts it. He is sure involvement in the art world demands that you come to it as it will never make the journey to you. This realization left John with two choices of places to go—New York or California. So, with a successful one-man show under his belt (done while he was still in college), he opted for San Francisco ... echoing a years-before fatherly choice

"San Francisco is so ... oh, what? I mean, there's so much **ACTIVITY—ENERGY—**so many **PEOPLE!** I just couldn't work. The scene with the people there personal relationships ... it's really a full-time occupation. I just had to leave!"

John finds himself much happier in Los Angeles, finds it a much more laid-back place to live and work. It seems art in San Francisco is really a business (he ruefully admits that he's not a businessman). Here he feels he can make all the necessary contacts at the galleries and such without having to make a full-time occupation of it and still have all the time he needs, as well as the very necessary vitality to create.

"It was like being in a giant whirlwind of sexual activity. San Francisco is absolutely the gayest city in the world. It's all around you. **EVERYWHERE.** Everything, everyone there is so tight and compact that you run into it constantly—that feeling of sex. It drained me "

After his burn-out, and not wanting to brave the snows of New York (the climate here in California was one of the big deciding factors in his choice when originally moving, he confessed), he decided to try Los Angeles. One of the things that helped his decision was a visit to our art museum which he still reveres with the awe of a small boy. Of course, no one ever leaves anywhere without some small touch of sorrow. John left behind a lover. They are still very friendly and as close as distance will allow, but John remains art. And it is art that leads him

"I've met someone here ... at the gym where I work out. We have a great deal in common. It's what you'd call an easy relationship. **PLEASE,** that doesn't mean that I'm not fond of him. I am, very much so, and he of me. I mean that it's just so easy being with him ... you know. ... "

As the question of sexuality arises, we do a quick back hop to earlier times. He's aware his parents know about his inclinations, although it's not something they discuss. It's something they don't need to discuss. John recalls with a small smile that he did what everyone else he grew up with did, "... played sports and balled chicks. ..." He soon was searching. As he puts it, he knew there had to be "... some higher form of orgasm. ..." His first male/male relationship occurred while he was in college. He found it very rewarding. It achieved that higher orgasm

"There were none of the 'usual' problems or traumas or hiding. He was a very wonderful person. I just accepted it all as another part of me. I guess it was because of my father I accepted it so easily."

John has a very good relationship with his father, of





whom he's very fond. He is sure that during those years as a young man in San Francisco, before he burned-out, his father had some sort of relationships with men. He even ventured a guess that his father would enjoy the pictures . . . but not his mother, a strict Catholic.

What does John consider himself now? Gay? Bi?

"Right now I'm one hundred percent gay. That doesn't mean, though, that I still don't respond sexually to girls. I do. Nor does it mean that I won't have another male/female relationship. If it happens . . . it happens. I am what I am at the moment. You know, one of the really great things about today is there are constant crossovers, switching back and forth not only in just the sexual roles but in the sexual responses too. I like that . . . the idea of not putting anything or anyone in a category. The kids now have far less problems dealing with an honest homosexual relationship."

What is the result of this natural crossover response in John? Perhaps, it is another testament to John the artist since it's clear to see a sense of crossover beauty in his work. All those required life classes, drawing the human body, brought out the same response to the male form as to the female form, an idea of pure design, of line, color and shape—both equally beautiful. Now, since John has reduced the body's form to his own abstract terms, it appears pretty much the same in his work, no matter what the sex.

"Since I'm pretty much into sculpture now, it's all become a matter of pure form and line, just reducing everything to its basics."

John sits back, relaxing after a light meal consisting of only a salad and wine. He refuses the waiter's offered coffee, and I find this quiet contentment catching. We sit quietly musing, until I ask if he has any

long-range plans or goals. He shoots a surprised look over the table, then carefully explains that he's doing exactly what he wants to do. He is what he is. Art is the only thing he's ever considered. He hasn't any other job to supplement his income and doesn't find one necessary. His paintings bring upward of five hundred dollars. He has sold several and is beginning to gain a following. I admit, it is something of a surprise to see one so young so secure. The only 'future' he can deal with is perhaps doing a one-man show. Right now, it's right now's things, he's getting set up here in Los Angeles and opening a studio. This is an immediate end he is working toward. BUT, he paints for Jonathan Douglas. No one else. This security in his talent even extends to the point of wanting to meet the prospective buyers of his work to see if they suit each other.

"I do commission work . . . but not decorating. I still do only what I do, remaining faithful to myself and my work."

These last few communications of John's eased their way out. The last of the wine has been drunk. John slowly gets up, the loose, easy body movements turning his surroundings into a setting for his own body sculpture. We venture out onto the Sunset Strip and he half ambles along beside me for a short while. I suddenly become aware of the most amazing thing. The bright, blinking lights of the Strip seem to dull against this small-town style, early evening walk. We get to where I'm going. John turns to leave, smiling his boyish hello/goodbye smile, holds up one of his talented hands and cuts out a small piece of night air with a little goodnight wave. Then John ambles off, pulling behind him all the small-town aura, leaving me there totally awestruck in the now-garish glare of Sunset Boulevard









In Touch with films

Teacher Pat Conroy (Jon Voight) cradles student (MacArthur Nelson) as he plays Brahms' Lullaby in *Conrack* (20th Century-Fox—left). Peter Boyle is starred in *Crazy Joe*, a film of Mafia madness (Columbia—right). Two Oms in *Fantastic Planet* (New World—below left). Robert Blake and Elliot Gould play two cops in *Busting* (United Artists—below center). Richard Jaeckel and Henry Duvall fight it out Kung Fu style in *The Kill* (below right)



Most likely you have to be into science fiction or animation to enjoy *Fantastic Planet*. I found it fascinating in both respects. The story is epic and somewhere in it I'm sure there must be a parable for man but the film isn't heavy. Everything is pretty and light. Slowly the plight of the Oms tenses up out of the lovely fantasy world and the inter-species war brings the story to a climax as the Oms narrowly escape into a position of power and claim peace as their only reward.

Although a strange and foreign film it is a nice one to just sit back, relax, and take in. *Fantastic Planet* is a French-Czechoslovakian production. Any foreign air is hardly noticeable but adds to the science fantasy mood. The English is not difficult to dub in to animation such as this.

In many ways *Fantastic Planet* is an ideal head movie. Many of the fantasies of psychedelic philosophers are roundly exploited and handled with grace and dignity. It is a pleasure when such ideas are not taken so seriously and yet in no way satirized. Strange philosophical concepts make for good science fiction material in creating a culture for other forms of intelligent life.

It probably is a film that can be seen several times with ease. The film is in no way hectic but somehow manages to be filled with a multitude of new and different ideas about thought, culture, civ-

ilization, evolution, and survival of the individual conscience. I think I'll go see it again.

Busting is more than just a threatening reminder of the power of film. It is a threat to civilization. The most callous, self-indulgent minds have created this monster film with the arrogant notion that they had something to say. The script flying under several different and conflicting banners, canceling one socially relevant observation with another ends up making only one statement.

Busting calls for vigilante law and order by cops who have no real sense of human decency but who should be given the right to shoot whoever gets in the way of their job, which the movie makes even less clear than the unfortunate reality.

Busting is one of those writing-on-the-wall films that foreshadows goon squad fascism. That such a film could seriously be made is frightening. That such a film is entering the dialogue with the American audience at such a time of little faith in law and order is more frightening. That it argues with cheap excitement as its strongest point is still more frightening. That *Busting* could be so inaccurate and yet seem so real is a sad kind of success that fools most everyone engaged in its veil of poison. Gays may be the one group most specifically threatened by the story but law itself is the most attacked.

I thought I might as well see a kung-fu movie before the craze dies out. *The Kill* is not a kung-fu movie. It is a foreign-made detective story cast in Hong Kong and Macao with plenty of kung-fu in it but also an engrossing detective story atmosphere seldom seen these days. It stars the perennial Richard Jaeckel. For years one of the most recognizable faces in Hollywood movies, Richard Jaeckel is becoming a known name. It seems he has been in more movies than just about anybody you can think of off-hand. Jaeckel was a former Fox mailboy, who made a name playing frightened youths in war films. He is most remembered, however, for his roles in *Come Back Little Sheba*, *Town Without Pity*, and *The Dirty Dozen*. Most recently he was recognized with an Academy Award nomination.

The Kill is not a good movie but then, it certainly is a well-paced, production-packed, dope-smuggling, oriental detective story. Somehow it holds your attention and you feel entertained when it's all over. If you are unfamiliar with oriental films you might find a pleasant surprise in Filipino star Tita Munoz. Tita Munoz has an air rarely seen in any country.

Latin oriental Henry Duvall holds a glamor reserved usually for the likes of a Clark Gable, once more he can and does act. Even if he couldn't, his magnetism would surely hold and enthrall any audi-

ence. There will probably be plenty more action exploitation films coming out of the Orient and the Philippines, if Henry Duvall is in the cast I recommend checking it out. Trashy movies can really be fun if there's something to look at.

Conrack is based on Pat Conroy's best-selling book, *The Water Is Wide*, the true story of an idealistic young white schoolteacher who took on the challenge of instructing a class of deprived black children on a remote southern island.

Conrack marks the fifth collaboration between director Martin Ritt and the husband-and-wife screenwriting team of Irving Ravelch and Harriet Frank, Jr. The trio previously gave us *The Long Hot Summer*, *The Sound and the Fury*, *Hud*, and *Hombre*. Martin Ritt is known now for his direction of *Souder* but he is also remembered for *The Outrage*, *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold*, *The Molly Maguires*, and *The Brotherhood* (many of the actors of which were also in *Crazy Joe*).

Jon Voight, in his first film since *Deliverance*, portrays the teacher, Conroy (whose students were unable to pronounce his name and called him "Conrack"). Mr. Voight has taken responsible hold on his popularity and is very selective about his choice of parts. It is easy to understand his enthusiasm for the role of "Conrack."

Voight is one of the few young American actors able to combine the sense of humor, exuberant vitality, and manly sensitivity that the part of "Conrack" requires. Voight achieved instant stardom as Joe Buck in *Midnight Cowboy* (for which he won the New York Film Critics Award as Best Actor, as well as an Academy Award nomination). Since then he has starred in *The Revolutionary*, *Catch-22*, *Deliverance* and *The All-American Boy*. Most recently he appeared on the Los Angeles stage, as Stanley Kowalski in a revival of *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

Paul Winfield played a cameo part in *Conrack*, working again with his friend Ritt, who got him the nomination for Best Actor for his portrayal of the father in *Souder*. In *Conrack* Winfield is seen briefly as Mad Billy, a supposedly insane island hermit whose menacing exterior covers the wounded soul of a lonely widower. Conroy manages to charm even Mad Billy and they become

close friends, and allies in the struggle against the reactionary authorities that run the school system. Conroy teaches Mad Billy to read and write in exchange for a regular supply of Mad Billy's moonshine.

On the island the educational authority is present in Mrs. Scott, exquisitely portrayed by Madge Sinclair. "Treat your babies stern. Treat 'em tough. Step on 'em every day when they get out of line. I know colored people better than you do. That's 'cause I'm one myself."

Astonished by Mrs. Scott's derogatory attitude towards the children as well as her own race, Conroy is equally horrified by the apathy, ignorance and deprivation of his students. At the end of the first school day, he storms into Mrs. Scott's room, angrily informing her that seven of his 21 students can't recite the alphabet, three are unable to spell their names, two don't know how old they are, five don't know their own birthdays, four are unable to count to ten, and the entire class has never heard of Asia, thinks the earth is flat and has never ridden on a city bus or been to a movie.

Conrack never allows the racial aspect of the problem to slip from your consciousness and yet it is more than anything a movie about education. The film convinces you that being an educator can be the most honored profession and the war against ignorance the most serious battle in which to be engaged. The delicate relationships between student and teacher are shown as one of the most precious in all of civilization. This is the success of the film and one never before achieved so well. It is a beautiful film in this respect.

Crazy Joe could have been a great film. Instead it is too entertaining and too filled up with production value, spectacle, and up-to-the-minute realism. The original story and a wonderful cast were ruined by the bigness of Dino De Laurentis' modern Mafia epic. Perhaps no one is to blame. It may be endemic to the genre.

The script was wrought by Lewis John Carlino, who is best remembered by his television drama, "Honor Thy Father" and, if you like, by his screenplay, "The Brotherhood." I would like to see his original script for *Crazy Joe* and find out just how much was undermined by useless hard work put into

production value. Of course, the script demanded exploitation of the contemporary scene but it is hard to tell how much of the character of the story was to be sacrificed to hype, reality, and documentary authenticity. *Crazy Joe* is not pseudo-documentary fiction. It never becomes pretentious because it never tries hard enough to free itself from that Hollywood look. It just gets lost somewhere in the universe between *The Godfather* and *Mean Streets*.

Casting *Crazy Joe* was an international process. Peter Boyle, Paula Prentiss, Fred Williamson, and Eli Wallach assume the major roles in the life of *Crazy Joe*. Rip Torn has grasped a difficult role and wrought a beautiful performance as the older brother of *Crazy Joe* (Peter Boyle). Luther Adler, Fausto Tozzi, Carmine Caridi, Franco Latini, Louis Guss, and Gabriele Torre all bring rich and spicy character to the play but Charles Cioffi comes closer than anyone to giving authenticity to the play's contemporary quality.

Director Carlo Lizzani was born in Rome and broke into film as a critic for the magazine *Cinema*. His first screenplay, *Bitter Rice*, won him an Academy Award nomination in 1950. *Crazy Joe* marks director Lizzani's entry into the American movie scene. His cinematographer has lensed more than 140 films abroad but is also known in America for his work on *Reflections in a Golden Eye* and *The Valachi Papers*. Cinematographer Aldo Tonti is perhaps better known for his work on *Nights of Cabiria*.

With so many talented people before and behind the camera it is difficult to speak of any one, but most likely as time goes by the film *Crazy Joe* will be little remembered except as a Peter Boyle film. Peter Boyle, who once gave up being a monk to do acting bits in television commercials, has climbed up the struggle to recognition as a fine actor, first as a satirist with Elaine May doing *The Third Ear* and with other satirical groups until he did a little low-budget film that caught on. Joe propelled Boyle to a position of choosing his roles and blossoming as one of America's great actors. Since Joe, he has taken diverse roles in *T.R. Baskin*, *The Candidate*, *Slither*, *The Friends of Eddie Coyle* and my favorite, *Kid Blue*.

—DAVID MINTON

INTOUCH

with books



FRIENDS, A True Story of Male Love, by Alexander Douglas (Coward McCann & Geoghegan, \$6.95, 224 pp.) is the kind of story—and a true and honest one—which many Gays have been asking for: a positive, upbeat account of gay living that is neither crusading nor tragic. The author, well known under his real name, hides behind a pseudonym, and many of his attitudes will be judged quite unliberated by some readers. But he and his lover "John" have made a good thing of their life together, surviving 25 not always peaceful years in a rich environment. If they look with mild consternation on much that the new Gays are doing, that doesn't invalidate the integrity and the vivacity of their own approach to life. A really delightful book, warm, thoughtful, and at times wildly amusing. Don't miss it. Shame the author still feels a need for the closet.

Body Charge by Hunter Davies (Weidenfeld & Nicholson, London, £2, 200 pp.) can be hard to find unless it gets an American publisher, but it's worth looking for. It is a necessary part of the whacky characterization here that part of the narration seems muddled, for the events are seen through the eyes of a bright but not overbright London cabbie (unlicensed) and the language is lower middle-class Londonese. The story is compelling, the characters a fine display of odds (a slumming counterpart to Angus Wilson's brilliant galleries) and though many readers may miss the point, the whole murder-adventure is really a story about "coming out,"

about achieving gay identity in a part of society that places a great onus on that.

Franko Baxter is an engaging goney-bird with a zany way of getting involved with his passengers, and hopelessly entangling them with each other, when he'd rather be off on Hampstead Heath finding some blokes (even ten-year-olds, or the young thugs who prey on queers back in the bushes) to play football with. Then a murder, and the entanglements get deadly serious.

A lively sign of how far gay themes have been integrated in general fiction. It shows without preachiness that there's a long way between doing homosexual acts and being gay—accepting one's difference.

Wittgenstein, by William Warren Bartley III (Lippincott, \$6.95, 192 pp.) is a more painful demonstration of that. Ludwig Wittgenstein (1889-1951), one of the true giants of modern philosophy even though his name is not popularly well-known, had it within the scope of his genius to transmute the agony of his homosexual drive into gay consciousness, but except in his relationship with students and with such prominent British philosopher-homosexuals as C. D. Broad and G. M. Moore, it is unclear that he ever managed to do so.

The present book makes it clear that at least in 1920, he agonized over the terrible urge that drove him nightly to seek companions in the bushes in certain Viennese parks and gay bars, and that in the years just after that he tried to sublimate his sexual urge in teachings but not touching.

It is said that the greatest philosophers manage to turn the course of philosophy around once, but Wittgenstein did so two times, first with his *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, written while he was a bright young star under Bertrand Russell's wing, and his later, more fragmentary and extremely difficult works published after his death, which pulled the ground out from under the modern empiricist or positivist school of philosophy of which he'd been a chief pillar.

His Schweitzer-like retirement for a decade after World War I to teach peasant children in three tiny Austrian villages had long seemed an inexplicable break with his earlier and later philosophical careers, but Bartley stumbles on the keys to those lost years, interviewing not only now-aging former pupils who worshiped the odd teacher their parents despised and drove out, but several of Wittgenstein's Viennese pickups.

The Viennese school (Schlick, Carnap, Neurath, Reichenbach) and Russell had proposed that all non-scientific statements are essentially meaningless. The *Tractatus* capped that view, and then Wittgenstein, seeing the gestalt of the minds of children, as opposed to the atomist theory of rote learning, turned to a sort of private mysticism, suggested but never realized in two strangely beautiful dreams which point up the intense conflict between "gross" sexual urges and the higher goals which this sensuality might somehow be transmuted into.

This book is easily readable, as Wittgenstein's own writing rarely is, and it offers an exciting glimpse into the character of one of the most important of generally unknown figures in the modern intellectual world, and suggests that if there were some way to gain a less superficial understanding of the philosopher's titanic struggle with his emotional self, with his smothered gayness, we would understand his philosophical and educational contribution better. . . .

The Gay Church, by Ronald Enroth and Gerald Jamison (Eerdmans, \$2.95, 144 pp.) is a terribly distressing book that was almost very good, and that will be considered quite excellent by many who are ignorant of the subject matter.

Enroth, a Professor of Sociology at the small Westmont College in Santa Barbara, and Jamison, then a student of Enroth's set out to do an "objective and dispassionate" survey, along sociological lines, one would presume, of the fast-growing phenomena of "churches dedicated to serving the spiritual needs of the homosexual."

It might appear that they assembled a considerable body of research material—as many MCC newsletters from various cities as might be assembled in two or three weeks of collection, and follow-ups on book or article references picked up from those sources.

Appearing to be sympathetic at the start, the book quickly takes on an argumentative tone foreign to the sociological observer. Some of the description is journalistic, the country bumpkin viewing the foibles of the big city outlook often affected by reporters for the spicier newspapers, and seen in this light there is much to snicker at in MCC services and other activities. But the authors obviously come into their own when they begin to report the developments of "gay theology," and there is more polemic than report as the horrified het fundamentalist comes out of hiding, and answers every shocking claim put forward by the queers.

They seem quite blind to the fact that the regular churches have been for centuries as much a heterosexual institution as a religious one, with spirituality and social work taking a backseat to the marriage and child bureau. They are shocked to find that MCC sponsors social activities, as if no regular church had ever done so, and they are always

tempted by this as evidence that MCC is therefore not sincerely religious.

There are scores of idiotic asides—the assertion that MCC's chief complaint about treatment of homosexuals in prison is "the isolation techniques that attempt to prevent Gays from establishing male prostitution networks" (pg. 64), the tiresome old blather that "gay life is not gay"; the quite ridiculous charge that the Society of Friends adopted the report, *Toward a Quaker View of Sex*, "apparently on the assumption that some of their members were homosexual"; a collection of extremely slanderous and quite false comments about Mikhail Itkin (some of them attributed to that mountain of unreliability, the Rev. Ray Broshears).

Their usual answer to various points on which Gays feel that some degree of reinterpretation of Scripture is needed, seems to reduce logically to "but that is not how anti-homosexual fundamentalists read it, and if Gays want to win acceptance, they have to read the Bible the way that their worst opponents read it." While they give some coverage to a small number of MCC publications, some quite thought-provoking, in this area, they show no familiarity with the wider literature, much of it from standard church theologians, from Barth and Thielicke to Sherwin Bailey, and almost no familiarity with the work done by the several Councils on Religion and the Homosexual or Homophile.

MCC activists ought all be familiar with this book. For a general reading public, its faults far outweigh its advantages.

One might better recommend the paperback edition of Troy Perry's *The Lord Is My Shepherd and He Knows I'm Gay* (Bantam, \$1.50, 214 pp.), actually written by Charles Lucas. It is a deeply moving book, a simple, straightforward account of one young Christian troubled by his homosexuality until he came to face that which is actually the message of St. Paul in the much misunderstood book of Romans—that whatever one's sins may be, they don't matter in the Christian scheme of things, because Jesus' sacrifice has wiped away the guilt of sin from all the world.

Perry is a wild storyteller (and some of the stories here, perhaps under Lucas' coloration) have a very different sound from those which Perry has told and re-

told at MCC around the country and on college campuses. Some reviewers have objected to the inclusion of so much of his family background, but it is, I feel, essential to understanding the terrific dynamism and integrity of the man. The story of his ex-communication and of his founding of MCC and its growth is a real inspiration, even if he did not always check his dates and such as carefully as a historian might.

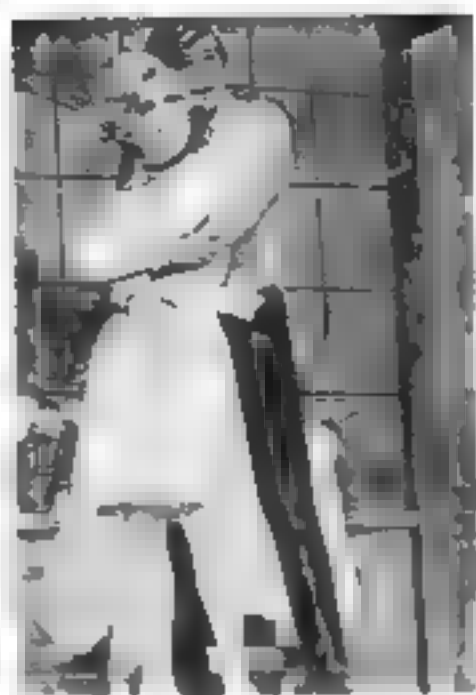
Since I was a participant in a considerable part of that story, I feel tempted to argue over a great many details which are minor in consideration of the sweep of the book.

One item especially I think ought to be removed from future editions of the book. On the final page, Troy Perry is identified, among other things, as "Director of the Southern California Council on Religion and the Homosexual." First, that is not the actual name of the organization in question. Second, Troy became one of five directors (I was myself a director of SC-CRH for six years) at the first meeting he attended, in early 1970, and resigned due to the press of other work a few weeks thereafter.

Manroot is an excellent and handsome journal of modern and mostly gay poetry published by Paul Mariah and Richard Tagett (Box 982, South San Francisco, CA 94080, at \$1.50 for the current—ninth—issue. Prices vary on earlier issues). Paul, who came out as a young schoolteacher with a ticket to prison, does not present us with pretty-sweetly verse, and certainly very little of the old-style, neatly arranged rhyme and rhythm jingles. It is radical verse, in the area where gay liberation intermingles with the counterculture and the New Left, with the raw experience of several oppressed minorities.

Allen Ginsberg's blatantly S-M/sexual "Please Master," read with such tremendous force to a convocation of 3,000 students at Sacramento State College in April, 1971, is easily worth the price of the 120-page booklet, as are some of the excellent drawings. There are several outstanding translations, touching gay experience on a level not found in most poetry magazines, and one of the strongest surprises comes closest to conventional poetic styles, Daniel Curzon's *Saigon Glory Hole*.

—LYN PEDERSEN



IN TOUCH with theatre

It isn't every day that I feel compelled to leap to my feet and shout "Bravo!" at the conclusion of a play but Joseph A. Walker's *The River Niger* in the Huntington Hartford did the trick. It is an important play with some vital things to say to this troubled world and it says them in blazingly theatrical terms. It is not a pretty play and it is couched in language of the streets but it is honest, it is written from the heart and it brought me a greater understanding and compassion for black people. Mr. Walker is a brilliant dramatist and he brings vividly to life a Harlem ghetto family. Grandma Wilhelmina, as played by Hilda Haynes, is a national treasure. She represents the older generation, she feigns sleepwalking so she can tinkle from a hidden bottle, she resents being called black and she has some hysterical comments to back up her resentment. Her language is often scatological, i.e., she addresses her grandson

"You're too young to fart good
Why, you can't even piss straight
yet."

Robin Braxton is Mattie, her daughter. She loves her man, Johnny (beautifully played by Douglas Turner Ward who serves as director of the play and the guiding light of the Negro Ensemble Company). Her comment

"If our men are no good why are
all these white girls tryin' to gob-
ble 'em up all the time?"

brought forth screams of recognition from the large, black, preview audience. Miss Braxton plays with depth and sincerity but she must learn to speak up if she wishes to be heard and her makeup is

far too broad for Shirley Prendergast's lighting scheme. Les Roberts is magnificent as Jeff, their son, and his long speech about why he washed out of the Air Force is a top-flight piece of bravura acting. Sylvia Soares is superb in a brief scene in which she makes an impassioned plea to Jeff to save her boyfriend. But, physically, she looks more like a board member of the Daughters of Bilitis.

In an era of the Symbionese Liberation Army and the Hearst kidnaping, the sentiments expressed by the black militants here are truly frightening

"The law is the will of the prevail-
ing force."

"Honey, the meek never inherited
nothin'."

"We are going to serve notice on
Whitey that the shit has just be-
gun to hit the fan."

And, when Jeff refuses to support
these radicals, they warn him

"Nobody stays uncommitted in
this neighborhood!"

These catch phrases do not fall pleasantly on *this* Whitey's ears but I want to know more about the roots of these revolutionary rumblings. And *The River Niger* informs me with clarity and power. I well know what happened to the ostrich who stuck his head in the sand. I want to be *au courant* with what's happenin', baby.

Another moment in this awesome play truly horrified me. After a life of being ignored and kicked when he's down, Johnny discovers his Mattie is going to die of cancer. He turns his face heavenward and vilifies God in a manner

that is truly horrendous. Mr. Walker is no playwright to mince words. That is why his play leaves such indelible scars. Hakim Jami, a bass violinist, plays Dorothy A. Dinroe-Walker's *Incidental Music* in the background. I found this distracting as it has a tendency to block out the dialogue. The Negro Ensemble Company is truly representative of some of the finest ensemble acting to be found anywhere in the United States and it is put to a strong and useful purpose: the dedication of brilliant black actors to finding a place in the sun for the integrity of their race. And I'll write Amen, brother, to that

Irma La Douce, a hoary old musical starring Ruta Lee in San Diego's Off-Broadway Theatre, is a true disaster area; the first genuine, bona-fide flop I've seen there. Other offerings had a clutch of virtues but *Irma* has virtually none. The bewhiskered French libretto by Alexandre Breffort with music by Marguerite Monnot was translated into English by Julian More, David Heneker and Monty Norman sometime in the Dark Ages. It was all so long ago that reviving it now only makes one wonder how *anyone* could ever have admired it *then*. As *Irma*, Ruta never remotely resembles a Poule. She has a rich contralto voice which she attempts to bring to *Dis Danc*. It is a fast, difficult number and she should have been backed up by a gifted orchestra plus a full chorus of strong voices. Here she gets no microphone amplification, no chorus and her musicians are simply not up to follow-

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The River Niger features Robina Braxton and Douglas Turner Ward (Burt Andrews, Huntington Hartford—page 52, left). Ruta Lee stars as *Irma La Douce* with John McCook (Christopher Darling, Off-Broadway—center left). Michael Rhone, Kenny Ortega and James Shano are featured in *Bimbo's Cosmic Circus* (Brian Lantini, Say Cheese—center right). Gardner McKay is the author of *See Marks* (Hollywood Center—page 52, right)

ing her. She still gives it the old college try, though, but the result is a pallid echo of what it should and ought to have been. The finale of the second act finds her backed up by a spectacular display of neon lights. This is more like it and her rendition of the title song, *Irma La Douce*, becomes her only real star turn. Opposite her is young John McCook who cannot sing, act nor perform with any degree of grace. Even a chorus boy assignment would be too much for him so what is he doing in the lead? Or, perhaps he knows where some bodies are buried? Poor Ruta has enough problems as it is without having to scour the stage all evening in search of a leading man. Even the incredible Jerry Clark nearly goes down for the count. So sorry in the recent Cole Porter revue, he flo, flounders against his material. In the second act he decides: "Oh, the hell with it!" and, as the bewigged judge, suddenly switches to high camp. This totally garners the laughs he's been aiming for. I won't dignify John Bowab's aged direction by any critical appraisal of it save to note that, for one curious moment, the general paralysis is lifted by a ray of ingenuity. Irma bids for a string of balloons and is lifted off the stage, into the air and out of sight. And I rather liked that line spoken by a Black as he departs the sunny penal colony en route to Paris.

"Oh hell, and I was just beginning to get brown!"

At the curtain call Miss Lee was temporarily flustered by the light opening night applause. This caused her to inch into an epoch-making speech

that she had considerable difficulty bringing to a conclusion. I jotted it down as it wafted over the footlights and, herewith, a sample from it.

You people are a bunch of sadists coming out this evening. I want you all to sign a lobby pledge that you will come back and see the show again. And please help me find a husband in your beautiful city of San Diego. My bottom is my best part. It really is. I have tattooed there "In case of rape, this side up."

It's too bad Ruta wasn't commissioned to rewrite the libretto. With jokes like that, Irma might have stood a solid chance of survival.

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Bimbo's Cosmic Circus, a new rock musical, explodes like a jet-propelled rocket on the Starwood stage, scattering showers of talent sparks all over the audience. Here is a musical milestone, hatched in the shadow of the Hollywood Hills, that is destined for worldwide recognition. Its score surpasses *Hair's*, its eight young singers are superbly gifted and David Shacker's direction leaves virtually nothing to be desired. The pace is swift and sure, the entertainment never flags and the show simply culminates in a paroxysm of joy. Kenny Ortega is a whiteface Littlechap who sets out on the highway of life determined to be a rock star. As he hitchhikes along the road to fame, he meets various types who musically advise him and ride along on his coattails. After he attains stardom, he begins to fade and

Spytography as performed by the Phobos Dance Theatre (Tim Matson, Hi Enterprises—page 53, left). Paul Shenar and Elizabeth Huddle in *Shadow Play from Tonight at 8.30* (William D. Ganzlan, A.C.T.—center). Convicts in *Ballad of Dangerous George* are Ed Vasgergian, Louis Bailey and Tony Beckett (right)

his advisors quickly jump off to patronize newer idols. It was ever thus but Bimbo tells it in fresh rock terms with an undeniable brilliance that is endearing. Mr. Ortega co-wrote the material with John Flynn and he devised the choreography. His know-how is hardly accidental, as he toured as Berger in the national company of *Hair* for two years. He and his seven friends had nothing going for them but their talent and their guts. Eventually things got so desperate they were all forced to move into Mary Shano's home for a roof over their heads and food in their stomachs. James Shano, Mary's son, played Judas in *Jesus Christ, Superstar*, and he's also in the show. Like the others, his talent is prodigious. He has long hair in common with Mr. Ortega and a bushy mustache plus a beard, yet he registers solid sex appeal. Two groupies begged permission to sit at our table to get closer to him. The company has been living with Mrs. Shano for over a year now, but that gracious lady should have no cause for regret, even though Equity forced her to ante up \$3200 for a bond before she could open. From where I sat, Bimbo looks like a solid gold mine. There is so much to single out for praise I scarcely know where to begin. Mr. Ortega and Mr. Flynn are, naturally, conversant with the material they created. They have hand-tailored it for themselves and they are astonishingly proficient in it. Debbie Ortega, Kenny's sister, also a veteran of the touring company of *Hair*, is a sassy, bright brunette much like Jo Anne Worley. Michael Rhone, a tall

Continued on Page 76



In Touch



with music

There's gold in them there Oldies. Of course, the folks in rock and roll have known this for years—OBG's (oldies-but-good es) single records—45's—have long been big sellers. Then a few years later along came the LP's containing collections of old hits, racking up smash sales! This trend, as well as those big sales figures, has continued right down through the years until now. Today we have all those hundreds of records advertised on television ("Just send \$6.95. Act before midnight and you will receive as a gift —" *ad infinitum, ad nauseam*). You should be a bit careful ordering these, many are only orchestrations of some unknown singer who sounds like the original star. On the other hand, an occasional really good collection that not only captures the original hits with the original singers but the taste, smell and the feel of an entire era can be found. The absolute best example of this is the sound track of *American Graffiti* (MCA 2-8011). It is, in a word, great.

Now, after watching this sales action with a bit of awe, several major record companies have been cautiously experimenting with oldies of a different type, reissues. Recently the big item with collectors has become original sound tracks—replacing those Broadway shows

that seem to have fallen off in popularity and demand as well as price (not at the retail level where they have risen in price but in those expensive little out-of-print collectors' shops). The cost of the film sound tracks have soared in these same little shops. The first group of reissues in this month's list of records are enough to make the owners of these very expensive collectors' shops tear out their hair.

A few months ago MGM delved into its old classic movie musicals and the two producers, Richard Oliver and John Ierardi, with patience and care that would have numbed Job, came out with a series of brilliant albums containing the original sound tracks of the very best of these fine old classic film musicals. The series is tagged "Those Glorious MGM Musicals" incidentally, the name of an equally great picture book currently on the market—and included such greats as *Till the Clouds Roll By*, *Singing in the Rain*, *Band Wagon*, *Easter Parade*, *Show Boat*, and *Annie Get Your Gun*, along with the release of formerly hard-to-get and high-priced items as *The Pirate*, *Pagan Love Song*, and *Hit the Deck*. It includes such performers as Garland (of course), Kelly, Reynolds, Hutton, Allyson, Keel, Powell, Grayson and every other big name in the MGM

stock company when it was at its zenith. If the list of stars is staggering, then the list of composers must be regarded as overwhelming—Porter, Berlin, Kern, Mercer, Comden and Green, Friml, and just about every other important composer who ever set pen to paper. The re-releases have met with a huge, immediate success far beyond the hopes of MGM Records and the jubilant expectations of Oliver and Ierardi.

Now we have the second set of albums, just as carefully researched and produced by Messrs. Ierardi and Oliver, and given the same careful release and exposure by MGM. These, like the previous release, are aimed primarily at the collector with rare stills from the films printed inside each two-record fold-out LP; well-researched, informative liner notes; and reprints of the original advertising posters from the various films on the covers. There are in this release, as in the first, six LP's, most of which contain two complete scores, except for a couple that have three sound tracks.

2-SES-49ST contains *Good News* with June Allyson and Peter Lawford. *In the Good Old Summertime*, a Judy Garland/Van Johnson classic, and *Two Weeks With Love* with Jane Powell. This last film incidentally contains one of the first hit singles pulled directly

from a sound track, "Aba Daba Honey-moon," sung by Debbie Reynolds and Carleton Carpenter.

2-SES-50ST features the MGM recreation of two Broadway musicals, *Lovely to Look At* (née 'Roberta') with all those great Jerome Kern songs done by MGM's big box-office team, Howard Keel and Kathryn Grayson. The other show is *Brigadoon*, the Lerner-Loewe hit with Gene Kelly and Cyd Charisse, at the height of her considerable talent.

2-SES-51ST has three complete scores leaning heavily on the urbane wit of Cole Porter, his last Broadway show, *Silk Stockings*, starring Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse, featuring a hilariously sharp Janis Paige, who's never quite reached this point in her film career, plus the last Porter original film score, *Les Girls*, a true minor masterpiece starring Gene Kelly, Mitzl Gaynor, Taina Elg and, bursting on the unexpected movie audience, the breathtaking, breakneck comic talent of Kay Kendall—my only regret is that her hilariously drunk "Habanera" from *Carmen* isn't included, but then that's hardly fair... any LP featuring Miss Kendall is greeted by me with hat tossing. The final movie represented is the ONLY recording available of the team of Rogers and Astaire in their final film together, *The Barkleys of Broadway*. For the true collector, 'nuff said.

2-SES-52ST also has three complete sound tracks. The first two are firsts of sorts. "Everything I Have Is Yours" is the first feature in which Marge and Gower Champron received top billing and "I Love Melvin" was one of the first films Debbie Reynolds was expected to carry on her own name and proceeded to do just that by vaulting her to the ranks of "big box office." It re-teamed her with her *Singing in the Rain* co-star Donald O'Connor. The third, and most important film, is definitely a 'last'... *Summer Stock*, Judy Garland's last MGM feature, after a long reign as their musical queen. It also has Gene Kelly, Gloria DeHaven, Phil Silvers, *et al.*, but with Judy doing her famous "Get Happy" number, who notices.

2-SES-53ST is the Jane Powell package. This MGM stock company lyric soprano is currently the 'most requested' among the reissue stars. This should neatly fill the bill. *Royal Wedding* features Miss Powell along with Fred

Astaire. *Nancy Goes to Rio* includes two numbers by Carmen Miranda—rare indeed!—plus Miss Powell doing "Musetta's Waltz." The final is *Rich, Young and Pretty*, which featured Vic Damone in the film but not on the record (seems he was signed to another record company at that time). Fortunately, this problem doesn't arise today... it's dealt with long before the signing of the contracts.

2-SES-54ST, the final package, contains what MGM does best, those huge splashy all-star musical things. Here we have *Words and Music*, with words and music by Hart and Rogers, featuring Allyson, Garland, Horne, Kelly, Rooney, etc., etc., etc. The other, *Deep in My Heart*, the Sigmund Romberg story (?) with Ferrer, Clooney, Kelly, Powell, Miller, and you know, on and on. They are both fun and campy and a perfect tag to this really great series of outstandingly glorious reissues.

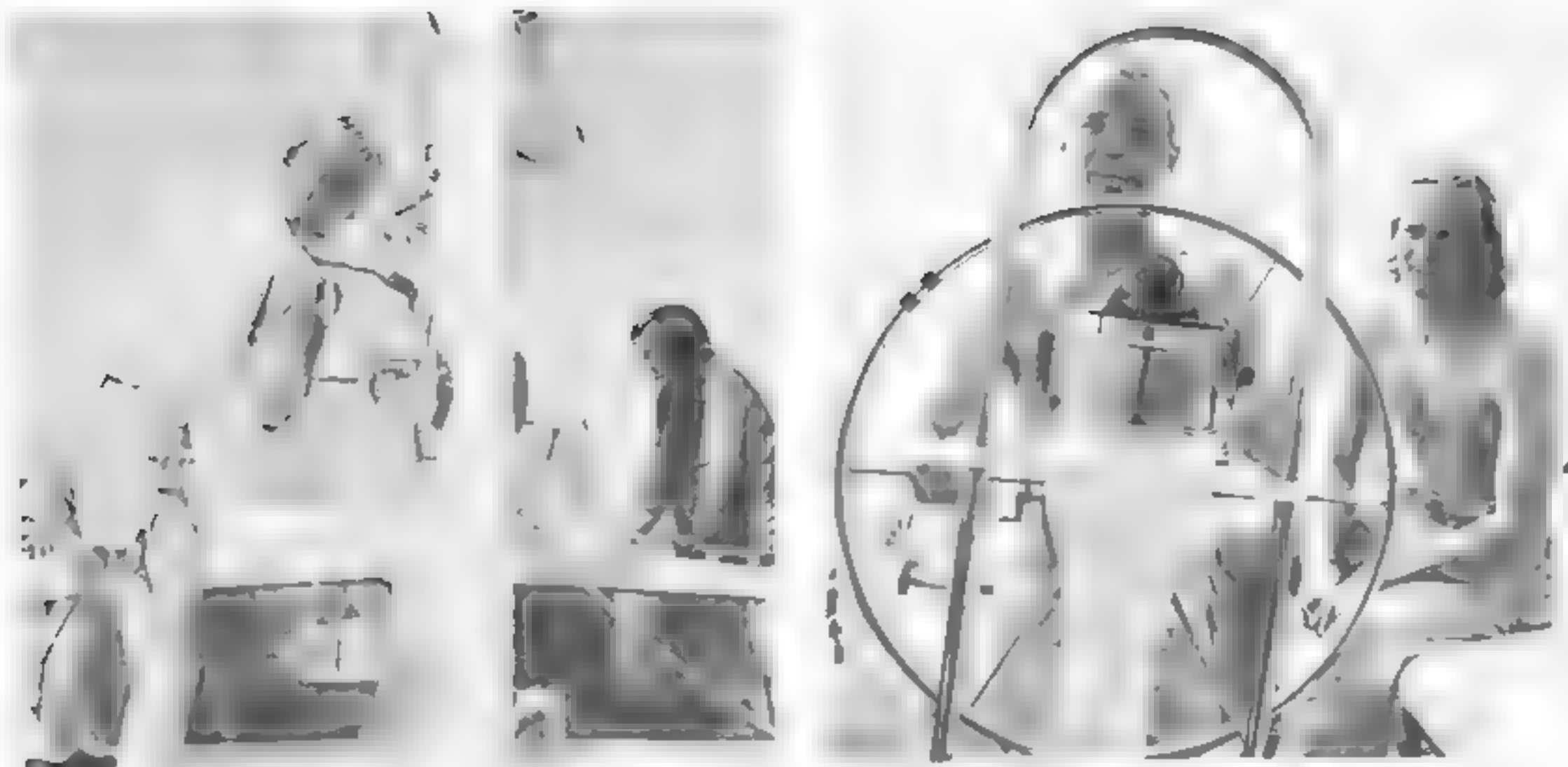
RCA has come up with a series of newly recorded old film scores that are getting their share of attention in the marketplace. The latest of these is "Casablanca: Classic Film Scores for Humphrey Bogart" (RCA-ARL1-0422), a follow-up to the most successful seller yet of this series, "Classic Film Scores for Bette Davis" (RCA-ARL-1-0183). Releases in the series were recorded in England by the National Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Charles Gerhardt. The earlier records in the series featured music by famous film composers, Max Steiner, Alfred Newman and two volumes of selections by Erich Wolfgang Korngold, currently the 'in' composer for films, who went on to do more serious works for orchestra. Both the Davis and Bogart set seem to lack a little of the sparkle of real sound tracks and both contain quite a bit of cross-over repeats from the other albums. It doesn't matter to the collector, though, since this is the only way to get even excerpts from many of those scores (which are all the albums contain). The highlights of the Davis LP are *Now Voyager*, the Oscar-winning Max Steiner music, along with his waltz from *Jezebel*, and the hilariously gauche *Beyond the Forest*, which will be matched in memory only by Miss Davis' own performance. The other memorable high point is the main theme from Franz Waxman for *All About Eve*. This one is

sure to set every Davis fan's teeth on edge in sharp pungent memory.

The Bogart package is as full of that same sort of immediate nostalgic recall that greets us in the Davis Record. Both are truly musical portraits of the stars. While Max Steiner has been regarded as THE Bette Davis composer, it is now a pleasant surprise to discover how well he served Bogart. Side one is all Steiner, *Casablanca* (the importance of this one goes without saying, of course, and does contain the immortal "As Time Goes By"), *Passage to Marseilles*, *The Treasure of Sierra Madre* (the LP's real high point both musically and artistically), *The Big Sleep*, and *The Caine Mutiny*. The last and best cut on side two is also Steiner, *Key Largo*, probably the most musically representative of the Bogart mystique. The photos and liner notes are superb on all the albums, done with care and diligence. The photos are mostly on the backs with a folder of information inside (save for one of the Korngold's which doesn't contain such an insert). I must add that the two LP's of music for the stars do seem to me to be a bit better than the composers' albums—the Alfred Newman is particularly repetitious—which I know seems a bit odd, but in the Thirties and Forties it WAS the star that sold the film, so I guess it's no real surprise that it's the same star you remember associated with the music. So, it's only a bit strange that the same is true on these recordings... at least they are true to the era, if only in a recreation.

The final two packages of the month are on Warner Brothers Records. They are an enormous undertaking and enormously successful—"Fifty Years of Film Music" (Warner Brothers 3-XX-2736) and "Fifty Years of Films" (Warner Brothers 3-XX-2737). Here the film buff and/or trivia freak can absolutely wallow in bits and pieces of not only songs and snatches of music recorded directly from the sound tracks but small hunks of dialogue as well. Both deluxe packages have booklets packed with pictures and information that are in themselves worth the price of the records. Stan Coryn, executive producer, and the executive art director, Ed Thrasher, deserve all the praise and the Grammys they are surely heir to. They've brought it all together for a rehearing all the way.

Continued on Page 70



DIVING AT EMERALD BAY

by David Minton
photos by Bud McGinnis
and Dennis Sherman

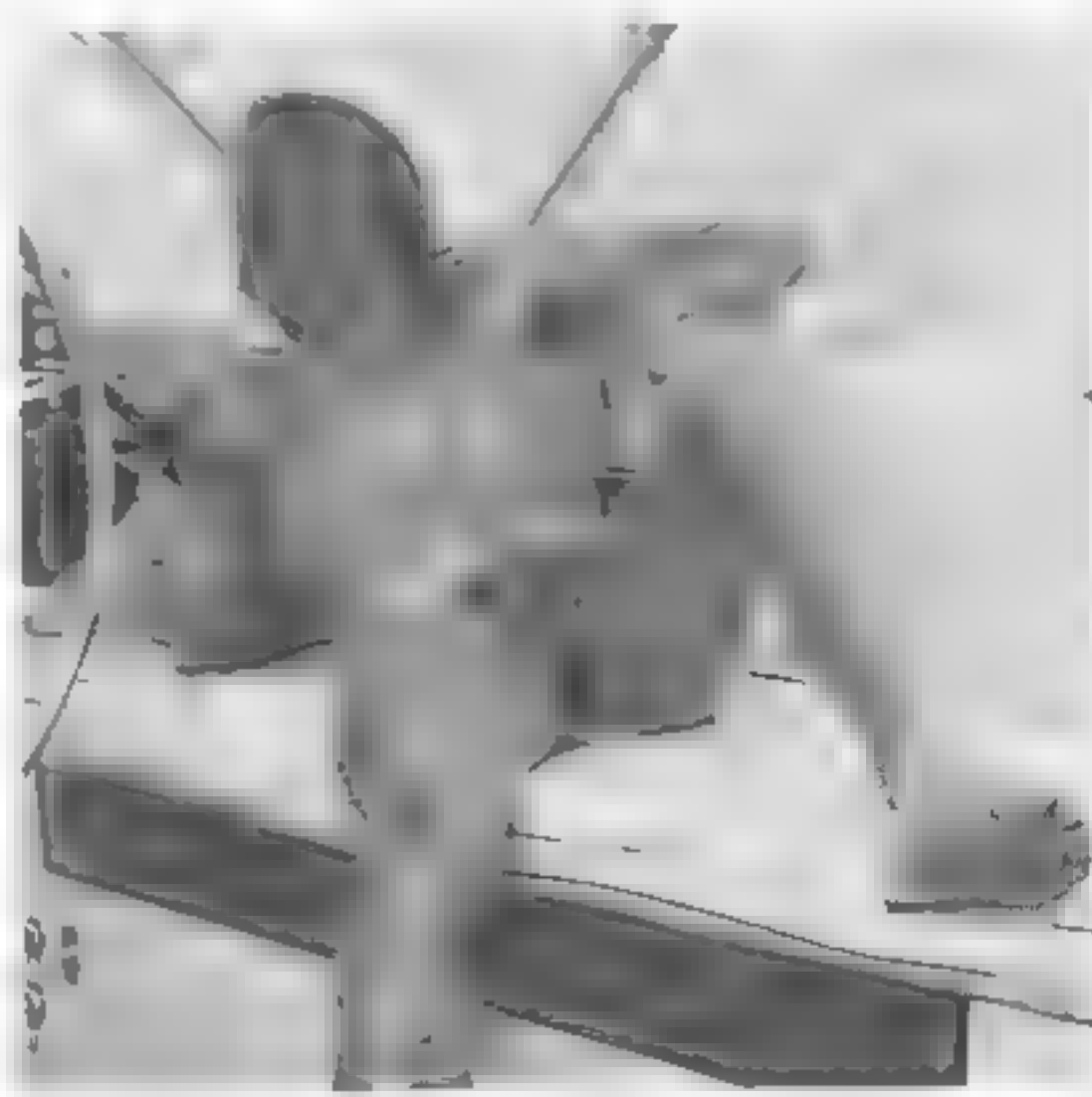
The night was quiet. It had been raining hard all day. Zed sat at the bar looking out the window hanging over the edge of the sea. Now there was a slowly rolling fog and it was quiet.

This wasn't Tim's usual bar and he wasn't sure why he came here but he didn't feel like going to the usual spots.

The next day, in a lazy late morning, there he was aboard Zed's Columbia forty-five yacht sailing off to Emerald Bay. Zed jumped out of bed to greet a beautiful day, dressed and darted up on deck. They were getting ready to sail off immediately to Emerald Bay. Tim stopped for a moment. Here he was sailing off in a beauti-

ful yacht with someone he hardly knew. He was not sure what exactly was going on inside him, but he knew he was definitely willing to go to Emerald Bay with this young man, Zed.

It was still chilly when they cast off and Zed noticed that Tim seemed somber as they pulled out of port. Things seemed to warm





up after setting the sails. It was the first time all morning Zed was able to really get close up. He knew Tim had been a little hesitant but now as they went into sail power the affair didn't seem as strange to Tim. His thoughts changed with the warming sun. Zed went below to the galley to make some brunch and Tim began to leave the gas lines and crazy traffic and the noise of that smoggy jewel to float away with the swaying and the sighing of the ship. Now he began to dream of looking into the depths of Emerald Bay. Now he knew why it was called Emerald Bay. How could water be so green?

Until they passed *the point* they were both falling into long quiet spells, Tim just watching the beach cities roll by, one after the other, Zed knowing it would be different once they sailed past the point.

The point reached, something awoke in Tim that Zed had completely missed the night before. Like calm cool water turning to salty steam, Tim swelled and rose up to the occasion. Zed saw now

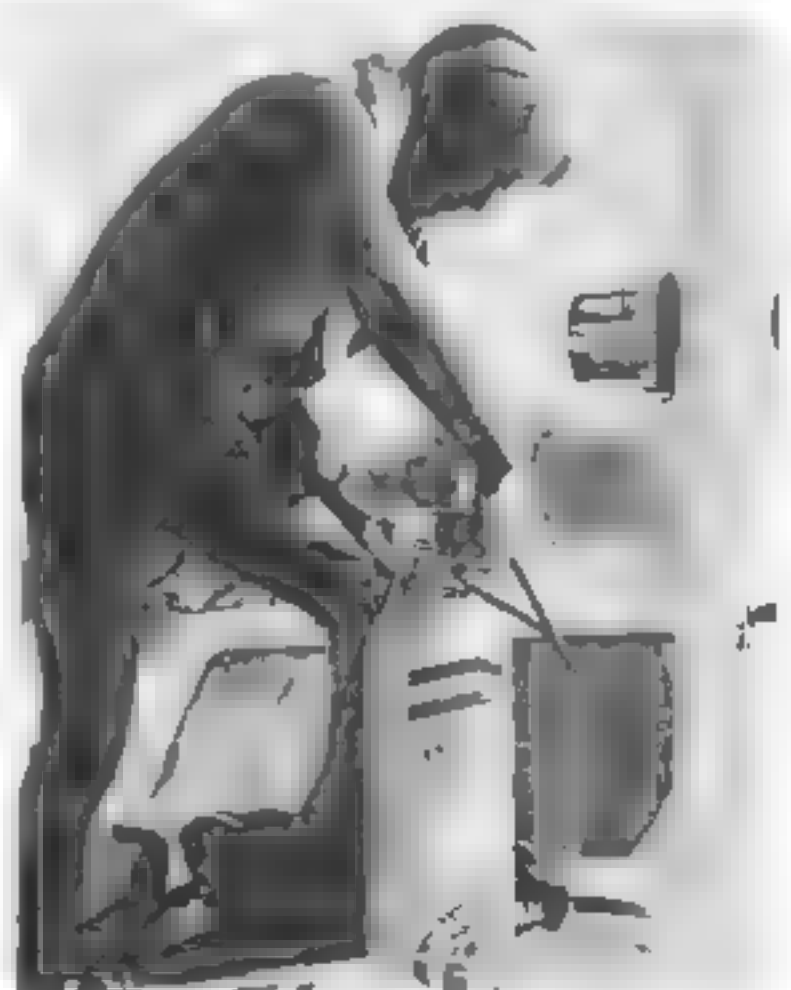
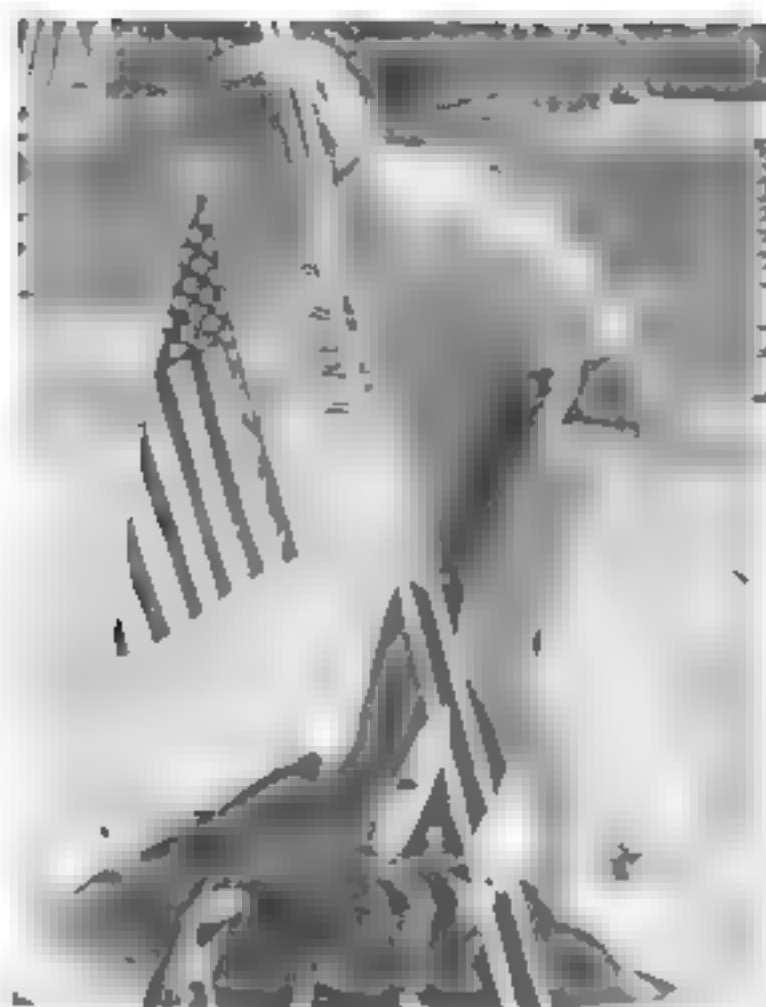
that Tim was a seaman.

While Tim piloted, Zed asked questions. Yes, Tim was the child of a naval father. He had a surfing childhood and he was a scuba-diving young man.

"Scuba diving!?" Zed laughed with a joy. "Are you sure, I mean, do you really scuba dive?"

While Zed piloted, Tim went forward to get some sun and enjoy. Zed started to ask more questions but let Tim go. He would relish them more later and savored the wait as he admired Tim lying on the deck.

Tim thought he came forward to collect his thoughts but, instead, they slipped away. His mind had been almost at a whirl but, as he lay back and felt the thick spongy soak of sun on his chest, his mind just drifted out across the expanse of Pacific before him. He was dozing when the salt flecks on his chest caught up in little pools of spray that swashed on his belly to the rhythm of the pounding hull. They had picked up some wind. Zed turned off the motor. Tim made his way back and took the ropes. Now they were sailing.





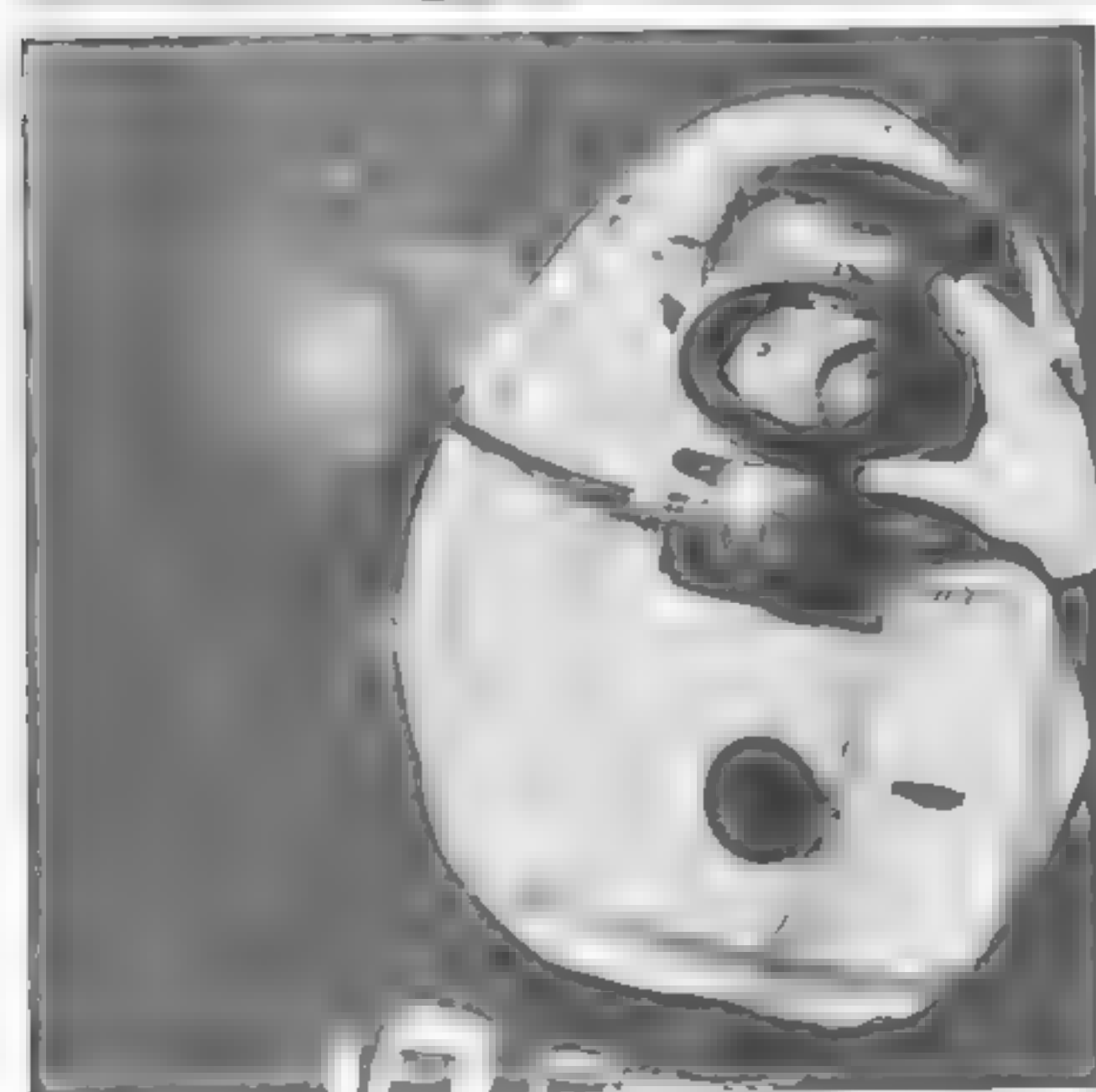
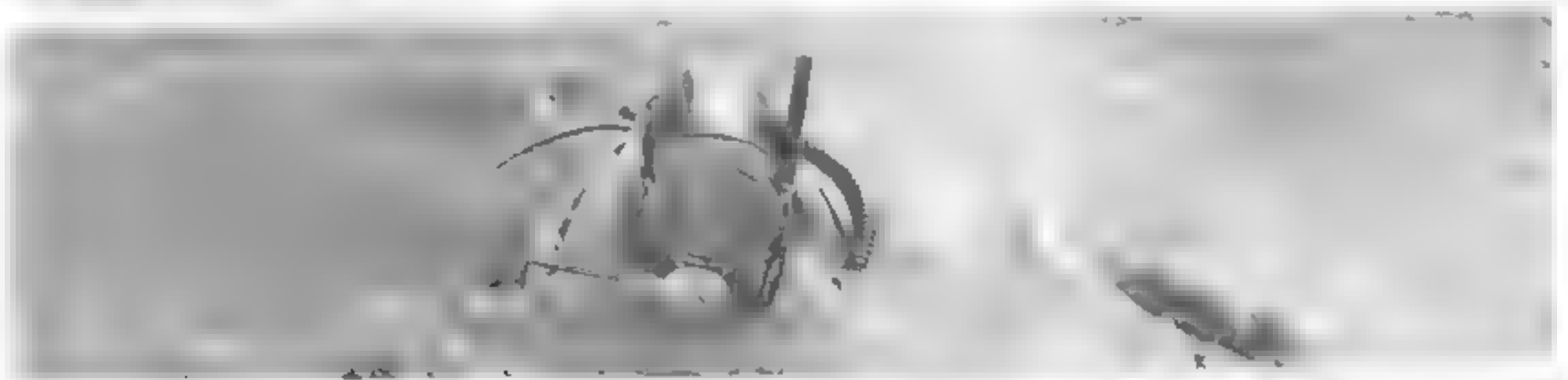
Tim loved that feeling of working as one. It must bring out that Viking blood that he is so proud to have mingled in his Scottish blood

They talked quite a bit. Loud laughter followed by verbal silences. Soon words would join the sound of the sea and the wind, the ship would make a phrase of sound, and the boys would start talking again and laughing and silence and then another passage of the song would begin.

Tim went below to get some coffee. If you have never been sailing, there is perhaps one thing you should remember. When you are down below and you are not quite used to the feeling of the ship yet, or you just feel uncertain about

how you feel, then don't stare at things close up. Don't read at first, for example, or be careful not to stare at things while in the head. The head is very small on a ship and thus everything to stare at is very close. Those close things begin to sway but not exactly at the same angle as yourself and you can get ever so slightly dizzy and then dizziness can begin to spiral. So, don't look at things close up; in fact, go up on deck. Tim hurried up forward and sat looking as far off into the distance as he could. The Pacific Ocean. He sighed and lay back as the peace grew in him. The sun felt good. This was the true life of leisure. He fell asleep.

Zed spotted some whales. With





Tim this was more than just reason for gleeful excitement; it was magic time, good omens for lucky diving. Now, he could hardly wait to get to Santa Catalina Island and Emerald Bay. Zed pointed out more and more landmarks on the island as it grew closer and closer before them. At last they had narrowed it down, before them a bit to the starboard side was the lush that marked Emerald Bay.

Time stretched on with their inxiousness until finally they found themselves working again as one, pulling in the sails, laughing at the rolling hills that loomed up into what had been endless blue horizon. Zed went forward for the wand. The water seemed mighty shallow and so he picked the one furthest out. It was also the most secluded spot.

As soon as they were secure, it struck them. They both knew they didn't want to waste a moment. Zed brought out the gear. They had left the marina late. There couldn't be much more sunlight left before it tucked into the mountain.

They prepared themselves speedily and precisely to safety steps. In the water, a few adjustments and setting of signals, and





they were down.

It was warm. It was alive. Gracefully they began their friendly homage into an underwater world filled with little communities marked off by seaweed street signs that drift in a different time frame. Set back by the sheer beauty, they were cautious to be there not as invaders but humbly in homage to this miracle.

The rocks and the kelp and the creatures that at first seemed to be rock all swayed in perfect harmony. More and more the fish appeared, each one more fascinating than the next. The lovely ones were shy and the magnificent ones waited for some time before braving forth and flashing about and slowly prancing closer. Off in the rocks that rose up like a wall were several nests of little bright red lobsters.

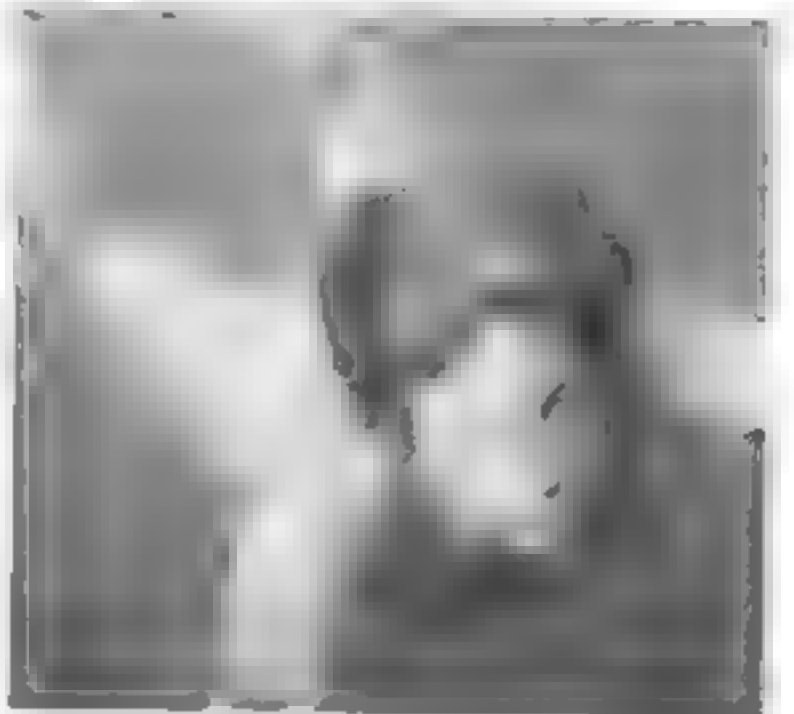
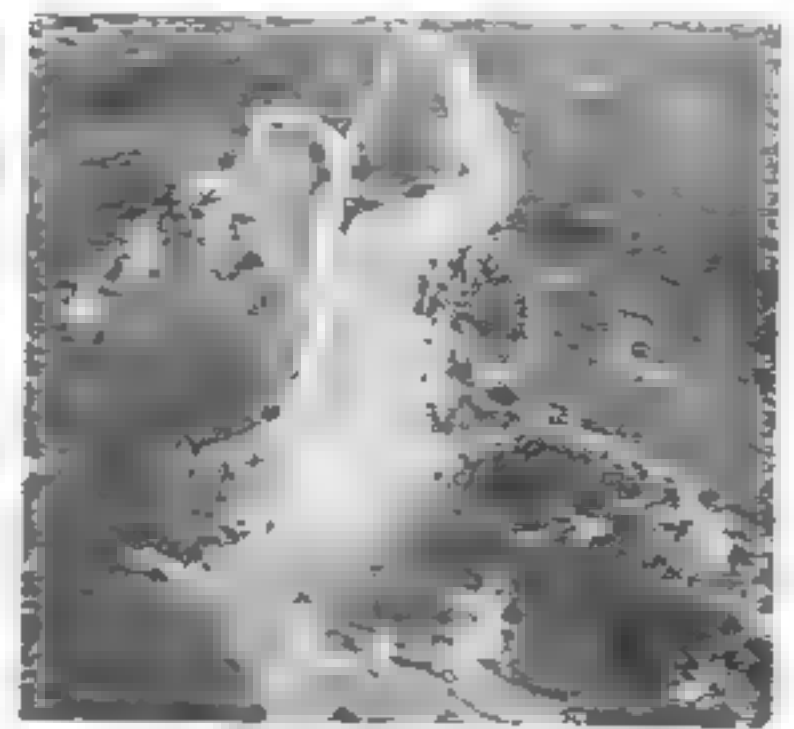
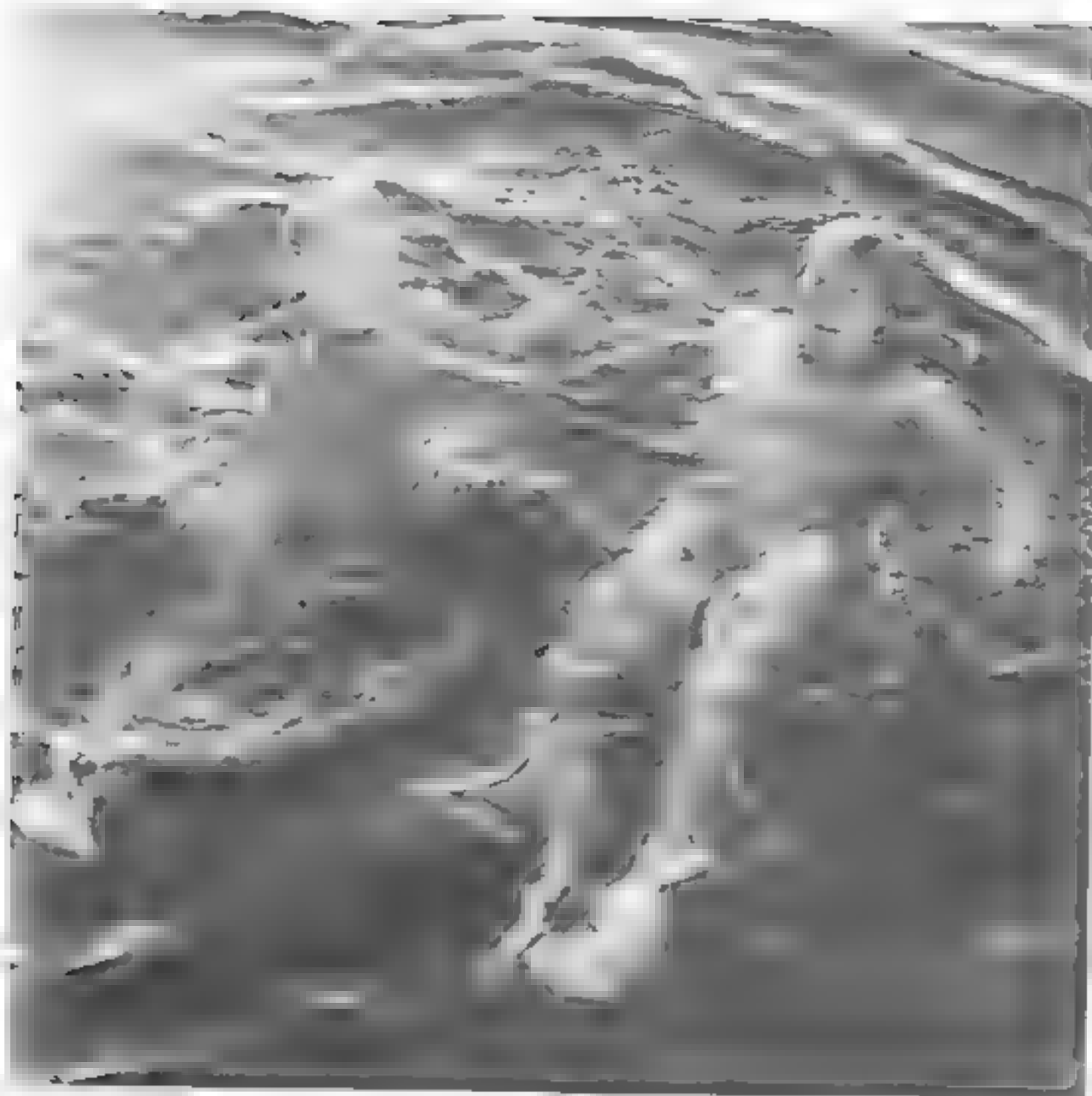
Zed and Tim, mostly each off into their own wonderment, suddenly began a perfectly symmetri-

cal series of moves, as if a ballet had taken over. They turned, one to his left and the other to his right, arcing closer together until they were looking into each other's eyes. In human eyes there was another world, another dimension of deepest depths. In wonderment anew there was the beauty of another human being. Their souls touched in a moment of understanding as they turned back to the ship, not knowing how long that moment had lasted.

Getting out of the water and climbing that dumb ladder was the only difficult thing about the entire dive. Up on deck the warm water turned to icy air and shivering shedding of squeaky stubborn rubber suits.

Together they jumped below into a quick hot shower. Soapy fresh and fluffy towel dry they sank in exhaustion and stared at a television set. Soon, Zed was up and in the galley. Tim was only





beginning to discover Zed and now he found that Zed is a rare gourmet's cook. While they ate, they spoke quietly and briefly of what they believed in, each accepting the other in moments of passing reverence.

After dinner, they lounged about. Zed builds model ships and shared them with Tim. They sat quietly for long periods just studying each other. Then, Zed challenged Tim and Tim accepted. To the aft; into the master stateroom. There on the massive bed awaited the chess board. The pieces were ready to battle.

The game was long. Tim refused to lose quickly. It had been a fatiguing game at the end of a long and invigorating day. The game seemed unfinished with many more moves waiting to be played. They retired.

* * * *

With a tickling laugh they jumped up in the morning, rushed

up on deck, stripped, and streaked off into the splashy morning bath of liquid emerald ocean.

Freezing up on deck, down into the shower; Tim washed off the suits as Zed cooked a simple but special breakfast. Hot coffee up on deck, the sun began to slap down threats of a wonderfully blistering day. Zed looked over to Tim. Tim knew. They had to return to the mainland.

The wind leisurely accommodated their lingering drift back, so that sadness never got a chance to herald the end of the sailing affair. Before they knew it, they were approaching the marina's breakwater. There were sailboats everywhere dancing in all directions, little white puffs gliding across the blue, larger sailing vessels from junks to schooners all swiftly passing by with yachtsmen waving "Hi." It is easy to see that while sailing everyone thinks it is a most wonderful day.



A LEGEND SURFACES AGAIN!



BOURBON 100-PROOF



HOLLYWOOD EXPOSE



LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MY OPERATION



Rae Bourbon, the legendary comic of gay humor has surfaced again!

We've discovered a small warehouse full of Rae's famous UTC LPs, which disappeared from the marketplace about ten years ago. These contain all of this famous man's (woman's) routines that convulsed audiences from Hong Kong to the Aleutians, and just about every nightclub in the U.S.A.

They're yours as a complete collection of ten LPs for \$50.00 and we'll pay postage, or singly at a cost of \$5.98 each, plus \$1.00 to cover postage and handling.

Remember that our supply is strictly limited to these existing units. Master tapes have long since disappeared. When these are gone, that's all, folks!

Order now while you're thinking about it!

J.C. Record Co.
6000 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Rae Bourbon

DON'T
CALL
ME
MADAM



In Touch humor



"Due to the Nostalgia Boom . . . my business will reopen after 20 years of retirement."



"I don't know . . . I've never measured it."



"He says he's protesting streaking!"



"No, I'm not nearsighted. Why do you ask?"

lost chance

civil rights legislation be so very far behind? For better or worse, the big ad agencies have tremendous influence in molding public opinion, and it should be a chief part of our strategy to win them at least partly as allies in our search for equality.

* * * *

But the fact is, this campaign hasn't much paid off, and other advertisers will surely say, if it didn't pay for Macnish, why should we invest in the gay community?

Socialist Gays may feel that we are better off without the contaminating support of any such companies. I personally don't regard the socialism versus capitalism argument as terribly relevant to gay issues. Gays have had to learn to survive in all kinds of social systems, and face peculiar difficulties under either socialism or capitalism. The increasing public acceptance of Gays by most elements, including socialists and businessmen, in our own society, is very relevant.

The tremendous influence of major business firms can be either part of the force that keeps Gays down, or part of our impulse for liberation. To win the support of most of the scientific, educational or religious establishment we have to argue our way around their old dogmas and appeal to their conscience. Winning the even greater support of the business establishment involves little more than convincing them that a pitch for gay customers will not scare off other buyers.

This was a case where a non-Gay opened an important door for us, and we did not take advantage of it. I repeat that Macnish's relative smallness makes it all the better a test. Our buying power would be quickly and clearly measurable. Do Gays have any degree of group loyalty? Are we willing to reward those who support us and to withdraw our support from those who do not?

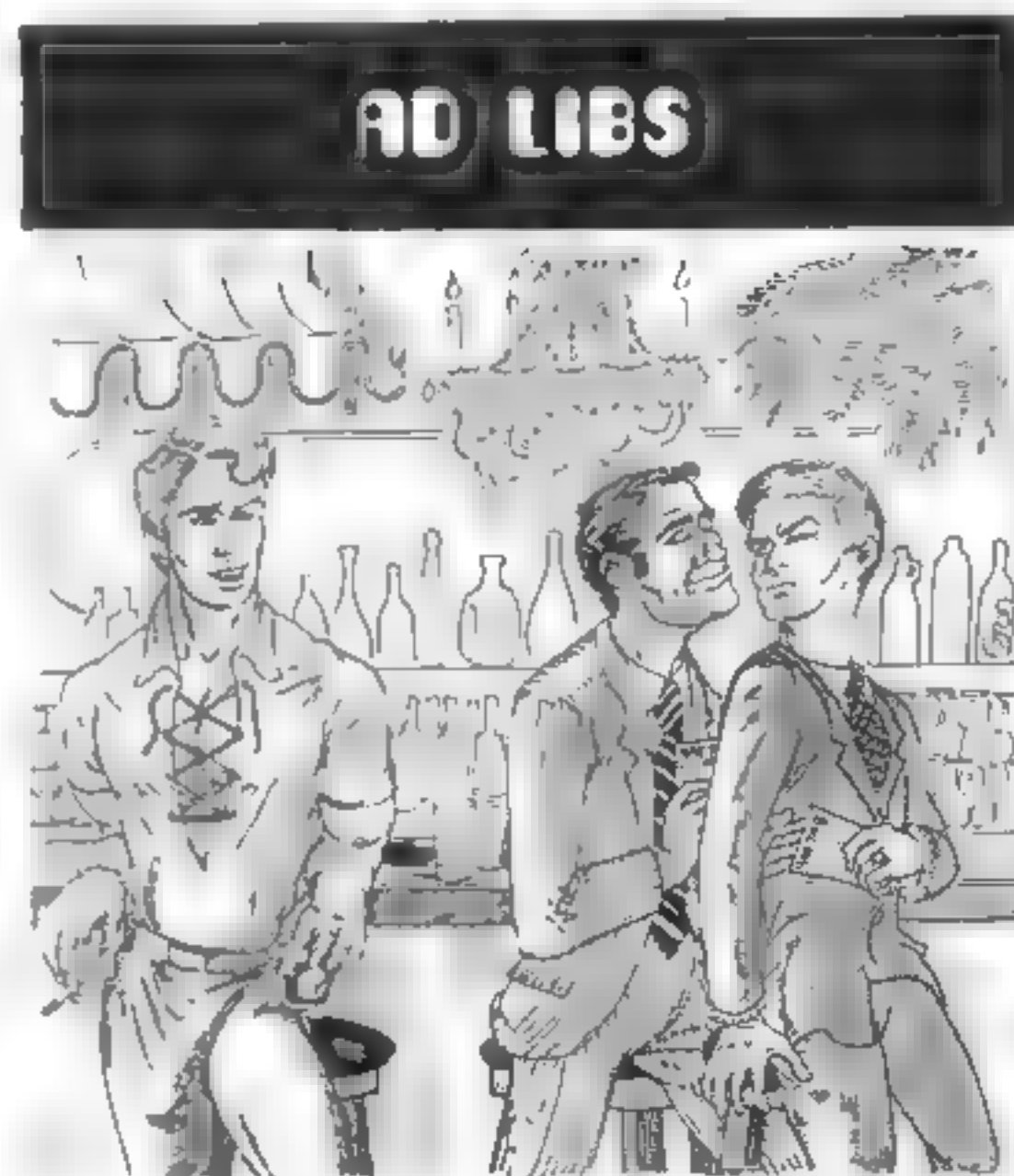
Jerry La Rocco, who worked patiently and hard promoting this campaign, still believes that Gays have a right, like any other group, to be catered to by big advertisers. He pushed that door open for us, and we did not respond. Most of us didn't realize how historic those ads were, how much they represented in terms of our progress toward full acceptance and pragmatic gay power. And since Macnish sales did not climb to any notable degree, his employers are for now not convinced that the gay community is worth courting. It might be quite a while before another company decides to give us a try, unless we can belatedly pull this one out.

(This is not the first advertising appeal to Gays but it may be the first which any company has approved nationally. San Francisco's Tavern Guild in August, 1966, arranged for Burgermeister Breweries to host a lavish buffet for delegates to the second National Con-

ference of Homophile Organizations, and Almaden set up a wine-tasting table. A local distributor advertised Levi's for some time in *Vector* magazine. The *Voice*, once the fanciest of Los Angeles area bar magazines, carried a splurge of Hamms beer ads before the publication went broke three years ago—there is still controversy as to whether the ads were really approved by Hamms, or paid for. Another local publication last year sported an astonishing array of major advertisers, presumably printed gratis in hopes of priming the pump.)

The small gamble in advertising which was taken by Macnish seems to offer more long-range profits for us than for Macnish or their American distributors. It seems to me that every Gay who wants to see the barriers of discrimination and isolation come down could do a lot worse than to rush out even at this late date and buy at least a half-pint of one very smooth Scotch. See if you like it. It wouldn't take many such purchases to affect Macnish's sales charts, and *that* would quickly draw attention from other companies.

Politicians, police or businessmen whom gay spokesmen talk to about gay rights are sometimes very skeptical: Are there enough of us to make a ripple? Well, this time we *didn't* make a ripple—so far—when we easily could have. Isn't it about time we *did*—for our own sakes?



"You pay less money . . . you get less beef."

IN TOUCH at home

I don't have a green thumb, but I do have a green garden, and you can too! Plants are people in a sense. They need a certain amount of love and attention, water and sunshine (the last in very small doses sometimes and not at all if you're raising mushrooms). Also like people they can be ruined by too much affection. Too much water and over-exposure to the sun is death to certain plants. Don't kill them with kindness. There are enough authorities who have written enough informative books on the subject of plant care that no domestic plant need ever suffer again! Consult one of them when you are in doubt as to the best way to care for your plants.

So much for wisdom on plant care. How about the use and arrangement of plants within your home? Whether you're seeking a single splash of greenery or a regular jungle, whether you live in a tight apartment or a sprawling mansion, it's easy to add extra enchantment with a touch of the old green.

Beginning at the entry door: If you have the space, a potted palm or ficus will add a great deal. As the seasons change, your entry can too with pots of small blooms: azaleas in summer, mums and daisies in late summer and fall, poinsettias in winter. Of course, the local nurseries as well as many of the large chain stores always have seasonal plants. You may like some of the newer strains that are constantly being developed.

If you have a house with a covered entry, it's a natural for hanging baskets (of the floral variety). You can create your own, adding and taking away with the seasons. Bedding and potting plants do well in hanging baskets if they get plenty of water. Peat moss helps to retain moisture. The pots with saucers attached are especially nice for an extra perk or two.

If you have a wicker planter, hang it or set it near your entry. Paint it white, green, blue or stain it natural depending on your decor and preference. Fill it with various pots that can be changed with the time of year or your mood. If you like you can always use it as a planter being careful that the bottom is lined with a metal or plastic tray. A layer of gravel on the bottom is advisable.

If you have a lot of sunlight along your entry, rose trees are nice. They will adapt and do well in planters. Just remember to feed them a good brand of rose food as directed. You can purchase bare root bushes for less than two dollars in great variety at many grocery, department and discount stores in the spring. There are many misconceptions about roses, but they're really quite easy to grow and do well here in Southern California.

Few plants can be as genuinely smashing anywhere in your home as ferns. But, oh, the traumas, if they're not properly cared for. They need water several times a week, a good quality fern food every couple of months, and day light but little if any direct sunlight. I won't even presume to know what "Those who Know" say about the proper care of these plants. The instructions above are my own, and I've been lucky so far.

Nevertheless, for any headaches and

heartaches they may cause you, ferns can do wonders for the ambience of your home. And there is no place where they don't look magnificent. (But there are places where they won't grow. Please, check an authority!)

African Violets are nice on your kitchen window. They are easy starters. Root a leaf in a glass of water and then transplant it. With water, sunshine and an occasional violet tablet, it will add a delicate touch of color to any room of the house.

Herb gardens work for you in several ways as decoration and, of course, as cooking spices. It is possible to buy the gardens already planted and merely add water (at least, that's what the ads say). However, it's fun to create your own. A parsley garden is beautiful and quite serviceable. Nurseries and many chain stores carry an assortment of herbs already in full growth.

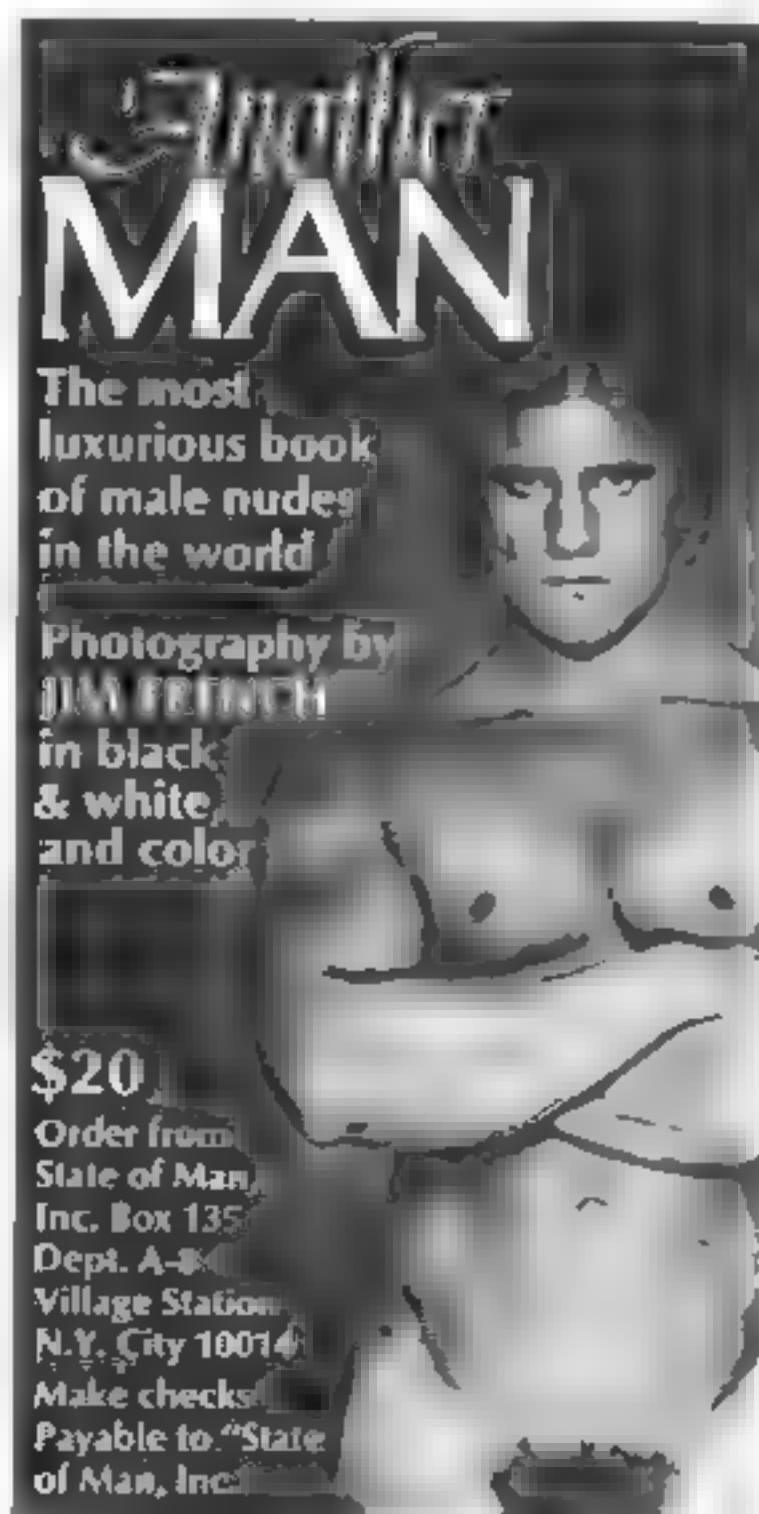
When planning arrangements for your home, don't overlook the bedrooms and the bath. The beauty of a live growing plant will lend much spice to these rooms. The steam that bathrooms often produce can be ideal for certain species. Check with a reliable nursery. A pleasant arrangement of plants in and around your bathing area gives a feeling of freedom and outdoorsiness that many people find quite intriguing. And, of course, flowers in the bedroom make it easier to greet almost any day.

Your home can be immensely more warm and inviting with the addition of a nice array of plants and flowers throughout. Just remember to give them plenty of love—and the right kind! This can mean anything from a kind word to clipping dead blooms to save food and energy for the rest of the plant and to produce more blossoms.

It also includes making sure your pots have enough soil and the pots you are using are big enough to accommodate the plants. It means keeping those household pets from eating the tender green leaves of some plants such as ferns.

Plants are lovely and decidedly fun. But like children—and grown-ups—they must have the right kind of attention to survive. Give them that, and they will fill your home with beauty and a special touch of love.

—FRED JEROLE



Another MAN

The most luxurious book of male nudes in the world

Photography by JIM FRENCH in black & white and color

\$20

Order from: State of Man, Inc. Box 135 Dept. A-8 Village Station N.Y. City 10014 Make checks Payable to "State of Man, Inc."



**7269 Melrose
Los Angeles, CA
937-2122**

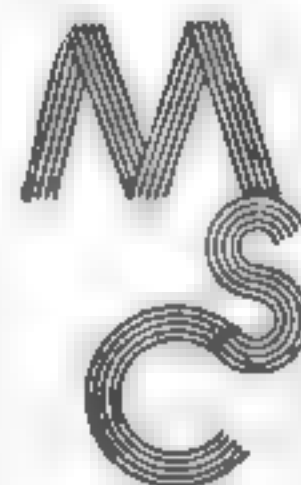
(It's a Steam Bath)

By Design:

The MELROSE SOCIAL CLUB is just an ordinary steam bath to enjoy an extraordinary relaxing time with people who are **REAL PEOPLE**.

- We have **NO** Hollywood Starlets
- We have **NO** Way-out Masseurs

And, we don't even specialize in the "chiche" jet setters. (However, on occasion, they do like to visit with us.)



So, if you can dig being just YOU and want a place to be where others dig being themselves—COME along to our place.

**OPEN 24 HOURS
EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR**



Members—\$4 per visit
Non-members—\$6 per visit
Membership (optional)—\$6 per year

IN TOUCH dines out

At the junction of La Cienega Blvd and Melrose Ave. sits a patio/indoor, all-day restaurant, The Melting Pot. Webster's definition is a place in which immigrants of various nationalities and races merge into a state of assimilation. However, the food, environment and the clientele are predominantly "plastic," which we've come to learn cannot (and should not) be assimilated. Fault rests on the location, because the menu was honestly designed with the highest of intentions, yet the results, to the waiters' attitudes, has met the level of the customer after two years. Breakfast (\$2), lunch salads (\$2.50) and full dinners (\$4.50) are served all day. Reservations: No Cards: AE, BA, MC.

The Melting Pot
8490 Melrose Ave. (at La Cienega)
Daily: 8AM-1AM;
till 2AM Fri. & Sat.

Located across from the "wild-ride" walk of Santa Monica Blvd., near Crescent Heights, looms the Louisiana Purchase. Skirting the front is Arthur J's patio. (Outdoor eating is ordained permissible only in the County. Besides, in downtown L.A., your soup would get dirty.) The patio is edged in overwrought iron, vivid greens, bolted-down graphics, heat lamps (tee-hee), plus enough swatches of red, white and blue to commemorate the site of the Bastille. Seriously, it represents the French Quarter in New Orleans. Hooray for Hollywood! Once inside, please don't miss the stairway (the fountain is on its way); the plastic stained-glass windows; the red, white, etc., or, the slick irregular Mexican tiles. If you have high heels on, you probably won't miss the false-beamed ceiling either. And isn't that enormous gold-colored espresso machine a joy? Of course it works! While I was there it scalded a waitress twice. The "new" menu is strictly an "E" coupon for lunch and brunch, be it on the patio or under the indoor gazebo. Note the "choose one ..." paragraph. Sandwiches come with soup, fruit cup, cole slaw or French fries, and breakfast offers a large Danish, real cottage fries or fruit cup, plus beverage. Fun novelties abound: Belgian waffle sundaes or with

strawberries, or crepes with blueberries, strawberries or peaches, and either one with sour or whipped cream. Inch-thick French toast (\$1) with sour cream and strawberries (\$40). Grilled ham steak with strawberry sauce, and deep-fried oysters sunk into a sourdough roll with horseradish sauce. Eggs Benedict(!) of course, but consider the Eggs Mondaire in which the ham is replaced with spinach and bacon. My recommended "must try" is "Ouefs Pain Perdu" (hold your finger under this one until the waitress stops writing). Two eggs, bacon or sausage AND sourdough French toast, stuffed with cream cheese and orange marmalade, plus the breakfast "choose one ..." and beverage (\$2.85). You say you want more? Okay! The Almaden "trio" is by the glass. Half and full bottles of imported French wines, lists with aperitifs. Whatney's Dark on tap. Lunch/brunch clientele is part local (enjoy Pink Pussys with dinner), part pleasant transie

ant transient. Reservations: 5 or more. Cards: Not yet.

Arthur J's
7985 Santa Monica Blvd.
(Near Crescent Heights Blvd.)
Daily: 7AM-4AM
213/654-0898

The Egg and the Eye must be acknowledged for that special eye-to-eye luncheon or brunch occasion. Before, or after, stop across Wilshire and catch the Campbell's Soup Museum's 18th and 19th century treasuries exhibit at the Los Angeles County Museum. However, a most consistently educational mini-gallery in Los Angeles is The Eye. Before the current Hawaiian: Three show, I was visually stunned by the "Cradle(s) to Heaven" exhibit. The latter being "fantasy" coffins from W. Africa's Gold Coast—a seven-foot pink Mercedes with sugar-bowl lids for hubcaps? Many out-of-sight items, because you'll see them nowhere else. Now to The Egg—up the stairs, turn left. Kurt, the maitre d', charms relaxedly, as do the waiters—they're all made of the best ingredients. Ah, the menu—technically a work of art by itself. You'll read of omelettes with fruit or avocado, with chicken, ham or veal, omelettes "tipsy" or flambéed or drizzled with chocolate. A three-course meal comes to mind. There are 54 omelettes listed, including a "do-it-to-yourselfer." The wine list I would welcome as my cellar. The niceties of the grand style slowly happen to you in this con-tempo setting: room temperature butter fills crocks, while those raisin (winey) pumpernickel slices wait. You are invited to watch as your four-egg omelette is prepared within a shrine-like adobe setting. Watch the most impossible of omelette ingredients soon to become a complete fond memory. How can I recommend? When people have said enjoy your life, this has to be one of the places they meant for you to go. Baroque Jazz Ensemble, Wednesdays from seven. Price: About \$6 per. Reservations. Dinner only. Cards: BA, CB, DC, MC.

The Egg and the Eye
5814 Wilshire Blvd
Closed Monday; Lunch 11AM-3:30PM,
Brunch till 7PM, Dinner 6PM-10:30PM;
Fri. & Sat. till Midnight
213/937-5544
—BILL ARSENEAUX

Send \$06 for THAT LOOK

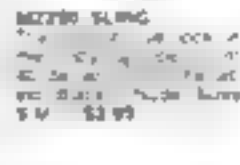
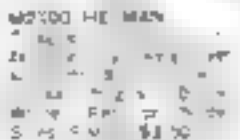
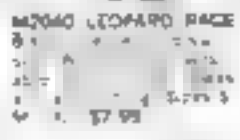
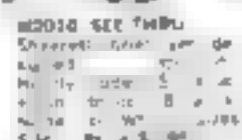


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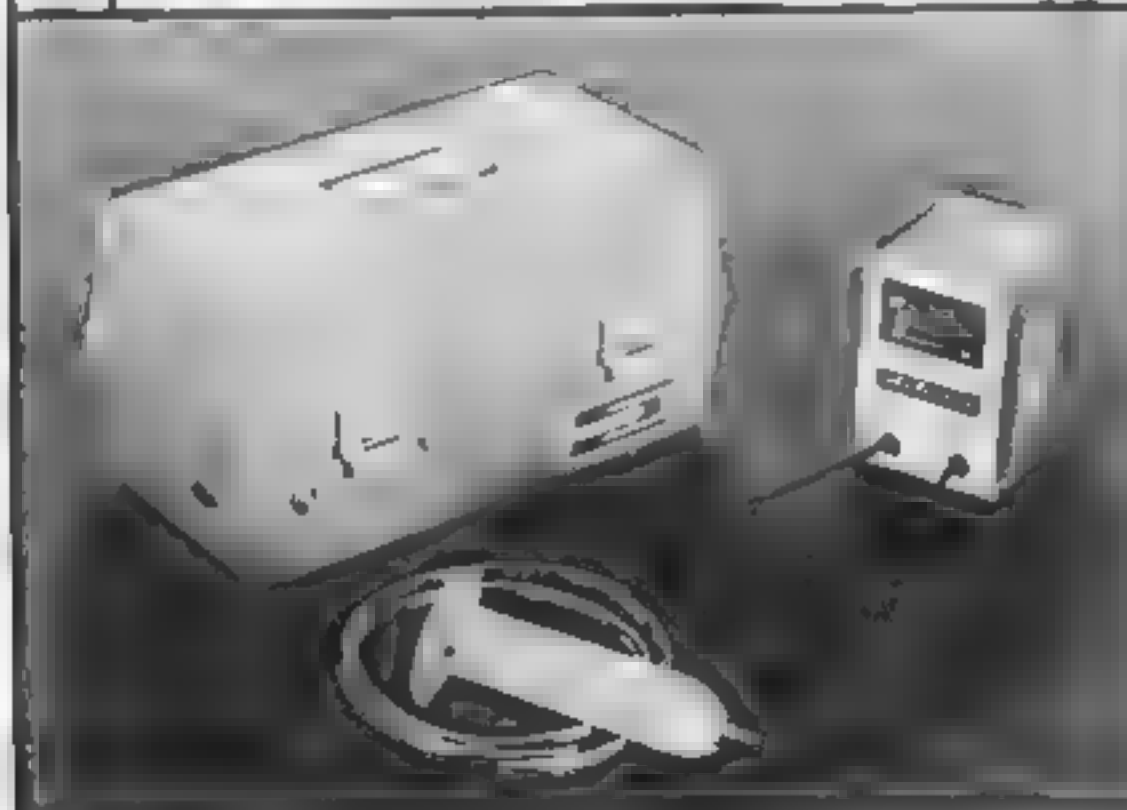
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the **IN TOUCH** body

A reader brings up frequently asked questions, and in hopes that my comments might be of help to others, here is his letter and my response:

Dear Jim,

I've always enjoyed you, and look forward very much to your monthly contributions to IN TOUCH. You closed your last article by inviting anyone with problems to write to you. I have a big one, but, how do I begin? I came out nine months ago, and have become very body-conscious. I'm 23, 5'10" and weigh 145.

My question really begins with what is right and good for a beginner in diet and workout program, everything. I'm very confused. Everyone seems to have a different system, and I'd like to do this the professional way. I am very shy about myself for working in a gym, and as I'm a student, money is also a factor.

Thanks, very best, Daryl

To begin, Daryl is probably ten joints ahead by his weight, height and age; if he's led a normally active life he's

probably ready to tackle some heavy workouts almost immediately.

For the guy who's 50 and weighs 250 at 5'10", I'd recommend immediate weight loss *before* he starts lifting any weights. With all that huffing and puffing, unless he has the constitution of a sumo wrestler, he can't show much muscle improvement until he's lighter. And if his living habits are like the average guy's of that age, he's got a lot of conditioning to do—getting his respiratory system to functioning at max efficiency. He should build up from vigorous walking to running and has no business hoisting heavy weights until he can run a mile non-stop. After that, weights should be duck soup.

Daryl's problem sounds simpler. The best place to learn to work out really is at a gym. If you are serious about developing your body, then at least go to one for a while. Watch the best of the group work out and try to duplicate their actions. No one in a gym is put off by seeing a beginner.

The expense of working out in a

good gym isn't really that great. The kind of gyms that cater to serious bodybuilders are usually the least expensive—real bodybuilders don't need expensive machinery, whirlpool baths, saunas and the like. Muscle Beach, where I work out often, has the weights, racks to hold them and some chinning and dipping bars, and charges only \$12 a year—it's entirely sufficient for my needs and has the added advantage of sunshine and fresh air.

Bodybuilding courses might be of some help, but for the average guy the instructions and exercise photos are confusing and easily misinterpreted. So pick a gym where the body beautifuls work out and put in your apprenticeship, then get your home gym going later if you like.

For diet I recommend you find a chart or book on the nutritional value and caloric content of most foods. Study it. Learn to go for the foods that are high in nutrition—especially protein and low in calories. Then, whenever you're hungry, eat as much as you like of low-cal, hi-pro foods. To make any physical conditioning program work, protein is vitally needed in abundance.

But remember, we're all built differently. Our metabolisms are not the same. So a routine that works for one guy won't necessarily work for everyone. You've got to find the right combination for you, by trial and error. Keep close watch on your progress by studying your physique in a mirror. If part of your body still is lacking in development, concentrate your efforts there. Before you know it, you'll be an IN TOUCH discovery of the month.

—JIM CASSIDY



Gyms, in addition to being physically beneficial, can also be socially rewarding. Here we find Bruce Morgan (IN TOUCH's January 1974 Discovery) and Rhett Baron (1974 Mr. Valentine) enjoying each other's company as well as a good workout.



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music

from Ginger Rogers and the *Gold Diggers of 1933* (!) doing what else but "We're in the Money" right on through "Bosom Buddies" from the unreleased *Mame*, featuring Bea Arthur (hilarious!), and Lucille Ball as the title aunt. One real head spinner is Cagney as George M Cohan in a *Yankee Doodle Dandy* medley. Side one and two in the music album's six sides are all background music—original recordings—including Korn-gold, Steiner, Waxman, Tomkin, and the ever-deserving, much underrated Alex North (just listen to his perfectly mood-matched *Streetcar Named Desire* and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*). He's merely the best composer for film, EVER!

In the "Fifty Years of Film" every star who's worked the lot is here; Jolson and his first "You ain't heard nothin' yet" in *The Jazz Singer* through Bogart, Davis, Crawford, Flynn, Cooper and an endless list in a breathtaking variety of scenes from all their memorable

films. Oh, it goes on up to more recent goodies too: Brando and Leigh in *Streetcar*, Garland and Mason in *A Star Is Born*, Burton, Taylor, Segal and Dennis in *Virginia Woolf* and even Bugs Bunny and Clint Eastwood! (No, not together, silly . . . pity, though!) All in all the two volumes represent true film history. Unfortunately, they were issued in very limited quantities, so if you're at all interested I suggest you get out and get them NOW, instead of some later date when you'll have to pick them up at one of those expensive little collectors' shop for some outlandish amount of money. Fair warning.

Finally, I am absolutely not one of those people who will buy an album for the cover in spite of all the time art directors put in on it and regardless of the fact that record companies spend a lot of money running surveys to determine what covers appeal to people most. However, I just might make an exception for the United Artists' "Presenting the Golden Age of the Hollywood Musical" (UA-LA215-H). It has, like the Warner Brothers' album, music from the sound tracks of such films as *42nd*

Street, *Footlight Parade*, *Dames* and a couple of the *Golddigger* films done with all the original people—Powell, Keeler, Cagney, Blondell—and an introduction and conclusion spoken by none other than George Raft (flipping a coin, I'll bet). But, the cover, well! Its design and concept are by John Kosh. It's that word again—camp—really funny, ultra-high camp. You see, it's a foldout, fold-out, foldout, foldout, with hilarious Busby Berkeley stills—the one just in the inside cover is even a cutout, all those marvelous girls popping up in the "Waterfall" number from *Footlight Parade*. Since it is an entire LP of numbers directed and created by Busby Berkeley and is the first real concept packaging, it is in every way as funny and nostalgic as the man to whom it's dedicated.

On the flip side.

When is a reissue not a reissue? When no one at the company that has the record will own up to its being reissued, I suppose. There is a little record that has suddenly reappeared after showing up in all the cutout (discontinued) bins around town a year or so ago. Hey, it's perfectly all right with me, whatever the reason. It's a GREAT LP! "Sunshower" (Dunhill DS-50054) by Thelma Houston, a singer of thunderous talent and power and nothing she's done in her association with another, later label has come within even sighting distance of this, her brilliant debut album. It was produced, arranged and written (with one slight exception) by Jimmy Webb when he was still everyone's fair-haired boy in the industry. If magic ever takes place, it did on this record. Check out "Pocketful of Keys." Both the singer and composer are in top form. The equally fine "Cheap Lovin'" and "If This Was the Last Song" show power and talent most other singers and writers only dream of. What probably rescued the LP from oblivion and has caused it to finally take off like a brand new bestseller—you'll find it in the new release bins at most stores—is that one cut has been pulled from the album for use on a tape by an airline company, "Everybody Gets to Go to the Moon." They know what they're doing, too. That's a hit waiting to happen! To them I can only say, "Bless you!" and to you I can only say, "Get yourself out and get this record!" You won't regret it!

—HUGH HARRISON

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Integration

Gays elsewhere in the world?

A problem with asking questions like that is that some readers, preconditioned by a het-directed education, will dismiss much of that with no thought at all. But I think most Gays will give positive answers to much of the above, voting that we would still have a lot in common even if discrimination went down for the count.

But it is an unfortunate sociological fact that widespread discrimination and prejudice never disappears overnight, and rarely vanishes entirely, even given a span of centuries. So even if our togetherness were fueled by nothing more than our persecution (which is far from being the case) there would still be manure aplenty to keep our fellowship growing for a long time.

Are Integration and Separatism the Alternatives?

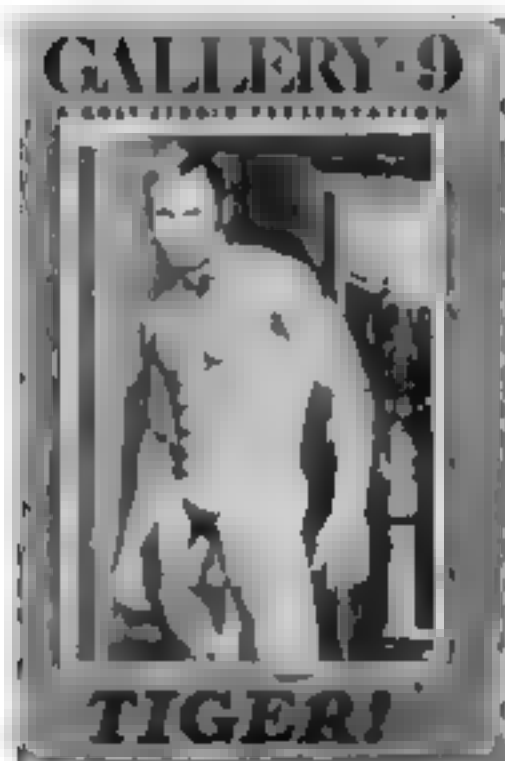
The integrationist usually starts with an assumption that people are all alike, and that insignificant distinctions like our choice of sex partners are blown out of proportion by ignorant people, which is why we are persecuted now. The Constitutional rights guaranteed to all Americans would cover us fully, they say, if only the courts and the police would admit it. Just convince our neighbors (as well as doctors, educators and legislators) that we are exactly like them and (if only the queens will stop swishing down the streets) the persecution will cease. Then we can all go bowling with the hets next door and won't have to talk to other Gays at all. And if things like gay bars, periodicals, voting blocs, churches and above all, Gay Pride, might have served a purpose when we were desperate, they are valueless in themselves, even immoral since they encourage segregation, and must be dismantled once the persecution stops.

This is an astonishingly unhistoric view, for persecution of minorities less often ends than it takes vacations. The goodwill of the smug majority is an off-again, on-again thing. Better, the non-integrationists say, to develop the strength and creativity of our own group, without necessarily striking warlike poses.

That needn't mean that we must separate ourselves entirely from non-gay society. The gay world can be (indeed, it now is) part of the general society, and still self-contained in many ways. And our culture can (as it has at all times) enrich the general culture—just as Black, Jewish, Chicano and hip cultures do. (And we have an edge up on the game, as we overlap each of those communities as well.)

It is ironic how many of the most vocal integrationists really regard our sexual behavior as perverted (as Don Slater argued in a recent HIC newsletter) and parrot Chief Davis' view that when persons announce their gayness in public they are

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in fact parading their filthy habits in the street to offend innocent citizens. Thus Slater argues stridently that since 95 per cent of the general population is "equally perverted," it's no one else's business, so long as we keep our shades drawn. We all have bedroom shades—what do we need with bars, churches, parades and such-like?

The committed assimilationist as distinguished from the mere closet queen may be quite militant in pursuing his short-range goals, but he looks ultimately to group suicide. Like the Mattachine official who in 1955 pronounced that organization's goal to be to find a cure so that "the homosexual problem" could be wiped out, the integrationist wants desperately to wipe out the stigma of being different. His desire to submerge in the heter majority, once that majority agrees not to make a fuss about his bed habits, is little more than a substitute for the old salvation by "the cure."

We wonder why such integrationists don't simply integrate and shut up. The fact is they cannot feel secure so long as other Gays are out in the open (particularly those swishy queens!), reminding everyone that the difference is real after all. They cannot be satisfied until the whole gay community has dropped from view. And I don't think we're going to oblige them.

The American melting-pot ideal offered little more to millions of immigrant Germans and Swedes, Irish, Serbs, Italians and pale Mexicans than the chance (especially if they change their names and forget their native tongue and heritage) that their second or third generation can seem almost Anglo-Saxon. Even that was offered to only an elite among Blacks, Indians, Orientals and Jews who retained their religio-culture. The melting pot in practice featured a thin Anglo broth, not a rich minestrone.

What integrationists offer to Gays is that if we all work hard now for consenting-adults-in-private legislation (desirable, but hardly a cure-all) we can then disappear into the hetero mass without that old fear of exposure or arrest. Almost like going back into the closet.

Leading an open gay life, developing the gay community's resource, enriching the gay culture, helping one another, finding ways to release and to publicly celebrate the joy that is gayness—these are contrary to integrationist goals simply because they encourage non-homogene-

ity—which is thought to be the baddest of the bad.

Varieties of Non-Integrationists

Non-integrationist views are less easily summarized because they are more varied, and they are not all separatist *per se*, nor all elitist. It is the difference between conformists who run to two or three basic patterns and non-conformists who may run the gamut.

The non-integrationist is proud of being different and willing to share that distinction with his group. But because he is non-conformist, my generalizations won't always fit him. . . .

He may regard the difference between Gays and non-Gays as a real and valuable difference, not just a trivial matter of sex behavior and partner choice. He may assume that Gays differ from non-Gays at several levels (they are often more mobile, more self-determining; their lives rarely revolve around being parents; they may run to greater extremes of spirituality or aestheticism, job commitment, earthiness or adventuresomeness) but not all differ in the same ways. He may believe that Gays share a community of interests and culture which (however imper-

fectly) transcends their difference of class, conviction and life-style, and he may be committed to furthering that commonality.

He is not too likely today to espouse the once-popular idea that there is some natural connection between creativity and the gay impulse.

He may assume that we have a special responsibility to aid other Gays, to take care of our own, that the special needs of Gays are rarely comprehended by non-gay counselors or even by closet Gays working in non-gay agencies.

He may agree with integrationists on the need to work for law reform and massive public reeducation to alleviate our problems, but he suspects that even if discrimination ended tomorrow, we would still need gay self-help programs, as well as "bridge groups" to negotiate with heter authorities.

He may recognize that a semi-secret gay culture has for centuries survived even the bitterest oppression, that our group creativity depends somewhat on our separateness within a broader society, and that our singular community and culture need preserving at all costs.

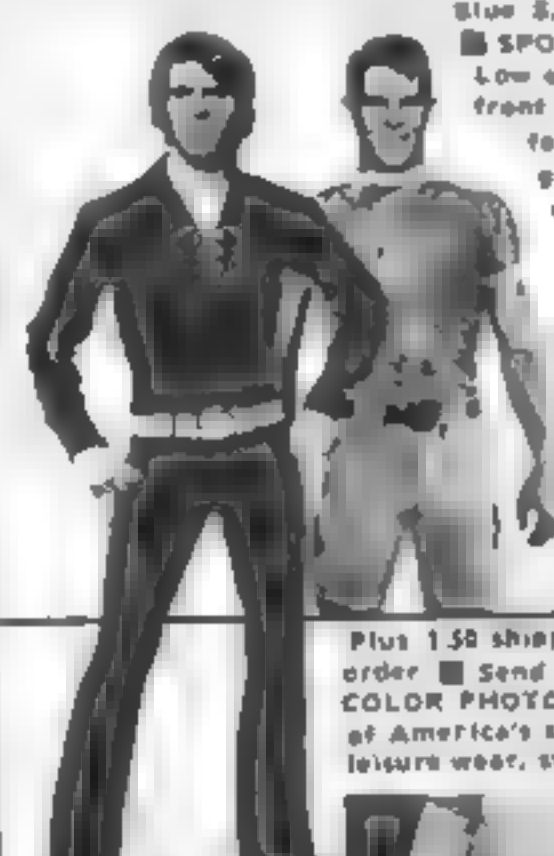
The integrationist will here protest that a few contributions by homosexuals to the general culture don't constitute a gay culture, and we say he misunderstands the concept of a minority culture—but that requires a later article.

And being perhaps less given to wishful thinking, our non-integrationist may feel that deep-rooted social prejudices can often be mitigated, but never fully dissipated. Even if Congress tomorrow passed an ideal Gay Rights act banning discrimination and launching an anti-homophobic education program, Archie Bunker would still sit by his TV daring government meddlers to try to make him like fruitcake.

And even if Chief Davis were replaced tomorrow by Morris Kight, some LAPD officers would resist the new indoctrination and still vent their personal homophobia. They'd still make bad busts (fewer perhaps) though they'd have to step lively to make them look good. A widespread and deep-rooted prejudice simply doesn't vanish overnight, and history is littered with groups who maul each other for centuries after their initial provocation is forgotten.

Much of it still starts at home. No social legislation can erase the venom of a father who sees in his small son some-

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thing which offends his own machismo. The best of liberal education is almost impotent to turn him into a really supportive parent for a gay child—yet that kind of bastard will continue foisting his frustrated masculinity on new generations of offspring. Education has already lightened the load for many young Gays, but there will continue to be some fathers, coaches and ministers who blunt the spirits of others

* * * *

Some Gays seek to bridge this integration or separatism argument by seeking a new bisexual majority, if we give up our exclusive yen for our own gender, can we maybe convince most hets to join us in a new middle-of-the-road? That's fine for those who really are bisexual—who aren't just driven by that old urge to conform, to be "at least half normal"

But some Gays really are absolute separatists.

When the modern homophile movement began almost 80 years ago in Germany, it took one year for separatists Adolf Brand and Benedikt Friedlander to split with integrationist Dr. Hirschfeld, who espoused medical research and begged for law reform

The Community of the Special argued that Gays were irrevocably set apart from the petit-bourgeois by their talents and interests, and should accept that insularity, cultivate their arts, their health programs, their educational skills, and their worship of friendship, sexual energy, youth and masculinity. Like many women's liberationists then and now they felt that the sexes should be separated—two worlds with little contact (and like it or not, we see the American male and female gay movements now going their separate ways)

Brand wanted whole cities to be predominantly gay, and Sinclair Lewis (*Dodsworth*) and others describe extensive sectors of Berlin, Hamburg and Munich that were exclusive gay enclaves. Gays dominated Germany's back-to-nature youth movement (a boy-scoutish version of today's hippiedom) before the Nazis largely captured it.

Poet Stefan Georg's circle proposed that only those who worshiped youth and male beauty were morally and intellectually fit to rule society, and Ernst Röhm, the Nazi leader who fell in Hitler's June 29, 1934 blood purge was a Georg disciple. Georg himself scorned the Nazi perversion of his ideals.

The Nazi holocaust left us little grounds to compare the effectiveness of Hirschfeld's and Brand's programs. Tens of thousands of supporters of each wore their stigmatizing pink triangle armbands to the end in Hitler's death camps, and the handful who survived were not much better treated by the rescuing Allies.

Few U.S. Gays have proposed total separation, though I suspect that many a Gay has secretly wished at moments for a Great Wall of China to suddenly rise up between Gays and the het world. Craig Schoonmaker of New York's *Homosexuals Intransigent* apparently feels that we must withdraw entirely from hetero society. Henry Hay, founder in 1950 of the original Mattachine society, has seemed particularly concerned with the responsibility of Gays to the general community, and he suggests that we might return to the special roles and sexual mystique exercised by *shamen* in tribal societies (performing initiatory and divining tasks for the community while remaining symbolically "outside the village") rather like wandering minstrels and jesters (*matachines*) of a later period in southwestern Europe

There was some talk in early ONE Incorporated publications about building new gay cities in the desert, but many radical Gays were incensed by gay separatist Don Jackson's 1969 proposal to establish Alpine County as a sanctuary. They insisted that we should stay in the cities where the bulk of the gay population has gathered and fight it out. Considering the size of America's gay community and the mountain fastness of Markleeville, Alpine would have provided at best a symbol of gay freedom and a place where refugees could take an occasional vacation from the urban struggle. But Don saw it also as a step-off point for a gay takeover of adjoining California counties and of Nevada and Arizona.

Quite practicable on the face of it, the proposal foundered when a Gay Lib elite turned it into a media hype. But then we hadn't known what recourses the encyclopaedic California constitution provides to protect backwater counties from any such invasion by "the wrong people." Repeated flurries of interest in incorporating West Hollywood as a city have not ignored the consideration that it would be predominantly gay.

* * * *

Most critics of assimilation or integrationism do not propose an opposite and full separatism—not a gay society walled off from the rest of the world, but rather a society distinct from and still a part of society generally, interacting richly while privately preserving, much as Judaism does, its own rituals and relationships, and repaying the general society with the tremendous returns of a creative minority—which Gays have always been. (Don't hang up here: to say that the minority is significantly creative does not mean that every Gay is necessarily an artist, nor that every artist must be gay. There are, after all, some other creative minorities, and not all creativity is in artistic fields. Even a few confirmed heterosexuals seem to have some talent.)

To reject our apartness is to be ashamed of what we are. To nurture and explore our uniqueness, to develop it communally, is to make use of the talent given to us, to invest it wisely.

We can and ought to work on that even *before* the California Legislature favors us by passage of the Brown Bill. In the words of the early black leader, Booker T. Washington (whom I long misunderstood), we should let down our buckets where we are. . . .

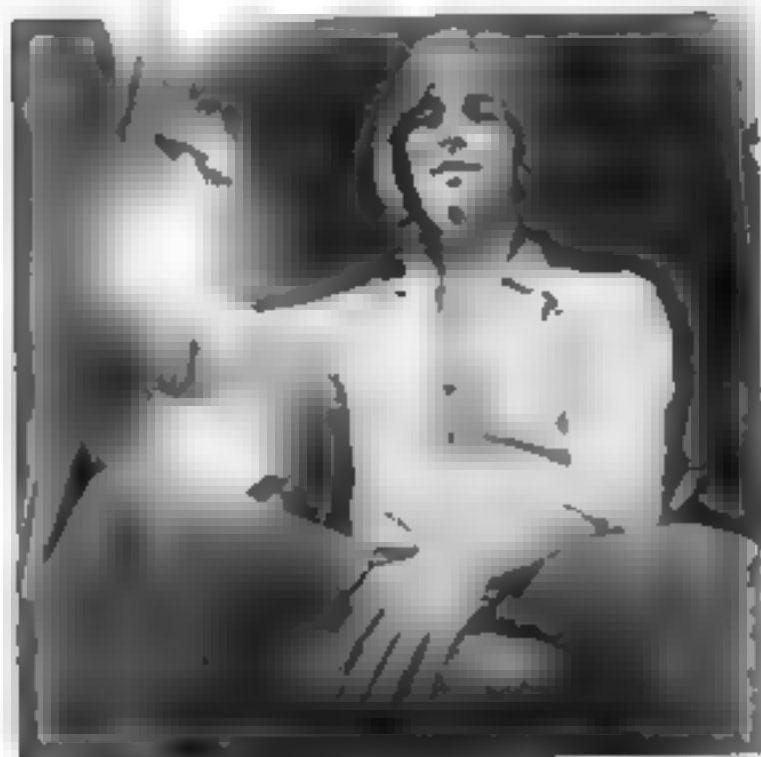


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IN TOUCH: What kind of vices do you have?

JOHNSON: Oh, we won't go into that! I do just about everything I want to do. I just do it in moderation. I mean, I think that anything you do in excess is bad for you. Anything. You should keep tabs on yourself. Set yourself up in a situation where you can check yourself against somebody who is really solid, really stable. Either somebody like that, or somebody totally flipped out.

IN TOUCH: What kind of person do you set yourself up against?

JOHNSON: Well... First of all, I feel that I'm a super-complicated being. I mean, I live a very simple life, but complicated in that I feel a lot of different things all the time. I just accept the fact that I have certain emotions that even I don't understand. But they're mine. I was endowed with them. You know, if you never have the feeling that you just want to grab someone in the hallway and throw them down on the floor and tear their clothes off of them and do every sick thing that you can think of—if you never have that feeling, then you never have to deal with it, and that's cool. But if you can see yourself doing that, then you've got to deal with it.

IN TOUCH: And how do you deal with it?

JOHNSON: Whenever I feel the urge to do my trip, I don't stop it anymore, like

I used to. Or, if I stop it, I know *why* I'm stopping it, and I'll accept that sooner than I'll go through with it. I mean, if I thought the other person wasn't emotionally or physically or mentally capable of dealing with it, or something like that, then I set up a situation where I can fantasize about it, you know. Or, maybe it will have never mattered to me that much in the first place, and I'll just forget about it and go on. I've pretty well surpassed all that—surpassed it or suppressed it.

IN TOUCH: You are concerned about the other person, then?

JOHNSON: Oh, yes. Of course. When you lose concern for the other person, then you get to be like these dirty old men running around. Some people—and I'm talking about straight ones and gay ones both—are just the lowest, you know. They don't want to make love to you, they want to fuckin' devour you. They want to possess you, so that they can take over what you are. They want to screw you so that they can demean you, control you. They're really sick about it, and they don't really mean to be, that's just the way they are. They don't know how to give, or to feel, or to express real, honest love, homosexual or heterosexual. You know, I don't differentiate between any of it—it's all love to me. I feel that you can get just as real a love from a guy as you can from a chick. Well, maybe not just 100 percent. I feel that there's something that you get from a chick that you can't have with any other being on the planet, and that is something super-special. I mean, if there were nothing but old whores and nasty old hard women around, I'd be out looking for some young, sweet, little 15-year-old boy. But instead, I've got a young, sweet, little *girl*, and that's enough for me right now. But you see, I don't think that all those things really matter. What matters is that you honestly commit yourself to something that you honestly feel, and that you're not just feeling some unworked-out neurosis, or something. Like this kid I know, who hustles the Boulevard—his name is Bullet, and he's incredible, just an incredible kid. Just the sweetest thing you'd ever want to know, but when he's around those DOM's, you'd think he's a stone-cold fuckin' killer. But he's a sweet kid, and he's totally divorced

from looks, figures, things like that. He doesn't fuck people because they have any status, or they look good, or anything like that, but because of their personalities. Now that is true love. What *isn't* true love is if you're fucking for a reason.

IN TOUCH: Have you had any unpleasant casting couch experiences?

JOHNSON: No, I've been pretty lucky in that I've been able to avoid all that, but I know there's a whole townful of barracudas out there. They don't mean to be, it's just the way they are. There's a whole circle of these people, and if you go to bed with one of them, then they just pass you around, and after they've passed you around, then they laugh at you. You know, I probably know every wealthy faggot in this town. And I say that partially maliciously, because I hate them so much.

IN TOUCH: Then, you don't think that's the way to get a head in this business?

JOHNSON: Nah. It sucks.

IN TOUCH: I'll ignore your pun if you'll ignore mine.

JOHNSON: It's a deal.

IN TOUCH: Your first big movie, *The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart*, was something less than a success. What happened to it?

JOHNSON: Well, by all rights and reasons, I made a good choice in doing that film. I was doing a film with the producer of the film that had won all the Academy Awards the year before. I mean, that should have established a status. But the film was so bad, and it was during the regime turnover at MGM, and they really fucked up on that one. It was a terrific learning experience for me, though. I wasn't aware that you have to be conscious of pace in making a film. That's more or less the director's job, but if the director doesn't do it, then you've got to do it yourself. So that's it. It was just a bad situation on *Stanley Sweetheart*, and it sort of buried me. Then *Zachariah* came along. I did that before *Stanley Sweetheart* came out, so I was in good shape then. When *Zachariah* came along it sort of pulled my career back up off the rocks, and sort of gave me some status again.

IN TOUCH: In *Zachariah*, one always had the feeling that Matthew and Zach—you and John Rubinstein—were meant to be thought of as lovers, although there was never anything definite in the film to suggest it. Was this an intentional thing?

JOHNSON: Not really. We never talked about it at all, and we never sat down and planned to make it that way. I think it was just this feeling that John and I had going between us, that came out in the film. I mean, we were really, really close to each other. We weren't getting it on, or anything like that. We didn't need to. We had a deeper thing than just that going between us, and I think it's written all over the film.

IN TOUCH: Tell us about your new film, *A Boy and His Dog*.

JOHNSON: It's based on a short story by Harlan Ellison. What happens is that after the big cataclysm, after the bomb's dropped and the world is a big mud puddle, everything's been covered up with mud slides and everything. It's primitive, but at the same time it's modern, you know? 'Cause they have all the modern conveniences, but they've got to dig to find them. I mean, you can get a can of beans, but you've got to dig to find them. And then you've got to make sure somebody doesn't shoot you for them, right? So it's just out-and-out survival, that's all it is. And the story is about this kid and his dog. The guy's only function is to find the dog food, and the dog's only function is to find the kid chicks to fuck. And they communicate telepathically with each other. It's so bizarre. It's so amazing. It's going

to be a great picture.

IN TOUCH: I believe that you're also very much into music right now?

JOHNSON: I always have been, ever since I sang at my grandfather's revival meetings when I was a kid. But last year I sang several songs, including one of my own, in an episode of the TV series "The Bold Ones," and in *The Harrod Experiment*, I sing two songs. Capitol Records put them out as a single, and I just signed a contract with them the other day to do an album. That's really exciting, and something I'm really looking forward to, because I enjoy it, and also because there's a lot of money in it.

IN TOUCH: If you weren't into acting right now, what would you be doing for a living?

JOHNSON: I'd probably have somebody keep me. That's what I'd like to do. If I hadn't gotten involved as an actor, I'd probably have been a 10-cent hustler. I'm not really an actor actor. I do it to make a living, because it's the only thing where I really do Grade-A, thoroughbred stuff without really feeling like I'm working at it, and I hate to work. Maybe tomorrow I'll find out that all this isn't really what I want, and I'll just split into the mountains somewhere and spend the rest of my life playing my guitar and being with some sweet young thing. It may all turn around tomorrow. I'm not saying that it will and I'm not saying it won't. But I know there will come a time when I become sick of all this, and I'll decide that I am not mentally or emotionally or spiritually capable of dealing with it anymore, and I'll just split. I'll just go

away and get into a whole different lifestyle. You know, I've always thought that I'd like to go back and be on a farm, and raise my own food, and just shut out everything else in the world.

IN TOUCH: Somehow, that doesn't sound like the dream of the galloping egomaniac you're always trying to paint yourself as being.

JOHNSON: How do you know? I don't. Maybe it's my ego speaking. Maybe it's my ego to think that I'm not really all those things that I really am. After all, the talk is laid down and after everything is said and done, I just don't know. I just don't know. I'm just like everybody else. I'm always learning, always just starting. And if somebody knows something that I don't know for chrissake, tell them to keep it to themselves!

★★★

That moment of introspection cut off by grinning self-mockery seems to sum up Don Johnson, an intriguingly complex, contradictory, and always compelling personality.

A few days later we were talking to another rising young Hollywood star who had been a contemporary of Don's at ACT in San Francisco. He spoke of Don with mingled admiration and jealousy. "The rest of us had been working our asses off for months or even years," he told us, "when this young kid turned up, and in two weeks he had bagged a lead role and he was off and running. Don's a first-class hustler, but he's also a damn fine actor. He's got the guts and the drive to get to the top, but when he gets there, he's also got the talent to stay on top!"

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theatre

black singer, plays the ringmaster and he possesses a deep baritone voice of operatic proportions. Additional numbers are in the works for him. Gloria Brown, a statuesque black girl, has a sultry way with a song and she brings a touch of Marlene Dietrich to the show. Hilary Carlip juggles during intermission with a priceless patter. Pat Campano dreamed up the flashy costumes. He has twice won the San Francisco Golden Award for excellence in this field. Amsterdam's John Musall is responsible for the exciting visual design while Ted Shreffler, composer of the knockout ASCAP award-winning ballet, *Astarte*, and director of the Seattle world premiere of *Tommy* with Bette Midler, arranged and conducts the music. Danny Costello, Bob Cole, Boyd Cannon and Stewart Elster play it with verve and éclat. When *Bimbo's Cosmic Circus* becomes the international favorite it deserves to be, just remember you read that prediction here first.

* * * *

The Pilobolus Dance Theatre that came to the Inner-City Cultural Center for three evenings last month is composed of four young men who studied dance at Dartmouth, their teacher for three years there, Alison Chase, plus a rank outsider, Martha Clarke, who joined last year with her five-year-old son. The Pilobolus believes in putting everybody to work and not running up excessive costume bills so the five-year-old, who is unbilled and unnamed (probably unpaid too) runs across the stage in the nude in *WalkLyndon*. And would you believe, this is the high point of the show? *Ocellus* is an interesting piece that opens Act 2 and resembles an acrobatic turn at the Olympics. It shows off the remarkable muscle control of the four men and, on the basis of it, they might get a job at a hotel lounge in Las Vegas. The rest of the evening is devoted to odds and ends of abstract eccentricities performed in what looks like the dancers' skintight white underwear. An atonal score jangles discordantly in the background and doesn't appear to disturb the ennui that engulfs everything in a fine pea-soup fog. The motto of the group will not bear close scrutiny:

"Balancing evocative yet essen-

tially abstract forms, they seek to tap that animal quality that is strong without being brawny and soft without being feminine."

They also believe they can maintain a unified vision without the presence of an artistic director. I don't think they can. At any rate, they all take a crack at the choreography and the result is hodge-podge with auteur. And when it comes to *Cameo*, performed by the women, the audience is confronted with a cutesy mishmash of Ruth St. Denis and Martha Graham. And dull! My dears, I thought I'd die. This terribly arty, experimental stuff has been cooked up in the hills of Vermont. In the immortal words of the late George Jean Nathan:

"I'll applaud their youthful vigour but I'll be damned if I'll kiss their aspiration."

* * * *

Gardner McKay is a very strange man. I met him once and he told me he was always being mistaken for Gardner McKay. But a friend of his told me later that he took this tack with people he didn't know and that my identification of him had been correct. At the height of his TV popularity he turned his back on his career and ran away to sea. He sailed halfway around the world and became a beachcomber. Somewhere, in the thick of becalmed seas, he decided he was a playwright and he sat down to write *Sea Marks*, which has just washed ashore in the Hollywood Center Theatre, heretofore a rundown and neglected showcase. He calls it a love play and he has directed his own work. It involves two people: an over-the-hill Irish sea salt and a Welsh lady landlubber. He writes her letters which she collects and publishes as if they were Shaw. Eventually, he manages to meet her, tells her he's a virgin and is coaxed into bed with her anyway. With the dawn the smell of the sea returns to his nostrils. But she tries to hold him on land, urging him to give readings of his poems to women's clubs. And that, me hearties, is that. I hate to be the first to inform Mr. McKay that he has written no play and that *Sea Marks* is devoid of talent. There is no development of character, no meaningful relationship between this man and this woman, no sense of play construction, no rising or falling action, no basic conflict and no *feeling* for the theatre.

The lion's share of the first act is de-

voted to an exchange of letters in which Colm Primrose reads Timothea Stiles his thoughts and she returns the favor. They both occupy opposite sides of the stage and no recognizable human emotions manage to ever filter across. Rather, we have a kind of round robin of rhetoric thrown at the audience in great dollops of words. Later on this terribly uninteresting pair merge but there is no glint of honest humor in their confluence.

Actually, there is very little humor in Mr. McKay to begin with and he must go after cheap snickers when the virgin man is confronted with but one bed and a lady whose mind is already made up. Joshua Bryant plays the fisherman and alleged poet, Colm.

I sat in the audience dumbstruck as to how he managed to get this assignment. It is, basically, a romantic lead and there is nothing remotely romantic about him. He hasn't a jot of sex appeal and he doesn't know the first thing about acting. When he comes to the apron of the stage to recite his poetry, the punishment he inflicts upon the audience is excruciating.

Jane Merrow from England was delightful as Peter O'Toole's mistress in the motion picture, *The Lion in Winter*. As Timothea, she is trapped in nothing to act plus the chore of bringing to stage life a very dull girl and a director who has no idea how to get the best out of her. As a direct result, she is all surface. She fails to get the hang of things because there is no hang to get. At one point in the play Colm gives her a pen. She shows no gratitude for the gesture. I suppose, then, it is only to be expected that, later on, she will print up Colm's poems, present him with the published edition and he will show no gratitude to her. They are two of a kind. Towards the end of the play Joshua lets out a couple of animal bellows when he learns his best friend has drowned. The audience doesn't care at all because Mr. McKay has never bothered to introduce this best friend to them. Therefore, they are quite incapable of sharing his grief. Mr. Bryant is rather wrapped up in the biological urge of going to the toilet. He frequently mentions that we all perform this function, which is hardly revelatory. But the fact that he alludes to, let us say, the cousin of Jonathan Livingston Seagull, is:

"Birds eat garbage and then go to

the toilet in the air."

In closing, let me say that Gardner McKay, in attempting to create this love dyll of Irish-Welsh seaspray, is a far cry from Eugene O'Neill. His dialogue has more of the feel of the inside of a balloon in a cartoon strip

—ALLAN LEOPOLD

As do many things, the public taste in plays and playwrights travels in cycles. The works of Noel Coward, for example, went out of vogue in the Fifties and Sixties; his wit, style and elegance were for a time considered superficial and passé. Recently, however, there has been a rebirth of interest in Coward and productions of his plays have been cropping up all over the place

A season ago, the American Conservatory Theatre in San Francisco scored a resounding success with a revival of *Private Lives*. Now the company has another box-office bonanza on its hands with *Tonight at 8.30* and Noel Coward, as he was during the Twenties and Thirties, is very much "in" with the Bay Area's theatregoing public.

The original *Tonight at 8.30* consisted of nine one-act plays which Coward and Gertrude Lawrence performed, three at a time on three successive evenings. ACT has chosen to present only three of the plays for one evening's entertainment—*Shadow Play*, *Family Album* and *Red Peppers*. Each of these plays contains music and some dancing.

While there's no doubt that the ACT production is pleasing the company's subscription audience and is a commercial success, from a critical standpoint *Tonight at 8.30* in this version cannot be categorized as an unqualified triumph

Of the three short pieces, *Family Album* is the most smoothly performed and is staged the most expertly. Edward Hastings has put the thing together with style and polish. Ray Reinhardt, Deborah May, Anne Lawder, Kathryn Crosby and Raye Birk are delightful as members of a household who gather, after the funeral of the patriarch, to reveal to each other just exactly how they feel about the dear departed

On the other hand, director Paul Blake and his actors in *Shadow Play* can't seem to find quite the right tone

for a piece which, at best, is somewhat ephemeral

Noel Coward once stated that he wrote *Shadow Play* as a star vehicle for himself and Gertie Lawrence so that the two of them could dance together in the moonlight. This may have been enchanting to audiences forty years ago, with Noel and Gertie doing the dancing, but Paul Shenar and Elizabeth Huddle, as attractive and talented as they are, come from a different ilk. In 1974 in the ACT production they don't make much out of the lines, or the dancing, in *Shadow*

Play. (They do sing "You Were There" rather charmingly, however.) The piece as a whole seems vacuous and totally unimportant

Red Peppers is one of the most amusing of all Noel Coward plays, dealing as it does with the backstage bickering of two seedy music hall performers—bickering sandwiched between a couple of turns in front of the curtain. Performed well, this play can be vastly amusing and it features two songs, with accompanying dance routines, which seldom fail to bring down the house




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Red Peppers scored its original success partly, I think, because audiences always knew that Noel and Gertie really weren't down-at-the-heels performers. They were just two glamorous performers camping it up, and audiences shared in the fun of it all.

In the ACT production, though, there is rather a realistic air about the whole thing. Charles Hallahan and Judith Knatz are good actors and they convince us that seedy music halls is all they've ever known. The comic edge to Red Peppers has been removed, and I'm sorry to say that the song and dance routines, even though they're supposed to be third-rate, look awkward and under-rehearsed.

One bull's-eye, one disaster, and one near-miss put ACT's Tonight at 8:30, despite its box-office success, in just a so-so category for an evening's entertainment. However, the good humor of Noel Coward does manage to shine through the mist, and the master's music is as tuneful and romantic as ever.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The thing that worries me most

about The Ballad of Dangerous George, a new play which opened recently at the Artists Enterprise Theatre in San Francisco, is that the production will be patronized by people who are already sympathetic with what it has to say and that people who *should* see it will be scared away by the starkness of its theme.

It's a tense, often stirring drama about the life of men in prison and it pulls no punches.

Ken Whean, a forty-one-year-old man who has spent fifteen of his adult years behind bars, knows what things are like in the cellblocks, in the hole, in the captain's office and in "therapeutic" sessions. His play has the ring of truth. It is filled with anger, with loneliness and with sorrow. It also has a moment or two of tenderness, as a convict fights his sexual frustration but cannot resist a display of affection for a caged brother.

George is a second-time loser, a black man who comes back to prison to find that the inside climate has changed. Once it was every con for himself; now there is organized group action—the Black Muslims against the white Neo-

Nazis. George tries not to take sides. "I'm a man," he says. Black or white, it makes no difference, he thinks. In the end, his determination to play the game alone costs him his life. He is killed by a prison guard, the enemy of both the inside groups.

Director David Feldshuh has elicited uniformly fine performances from his large cast of actors. Al White is excellent as George, Ray Ashby very funny as another black inmate, and Chris Persky touching as the runty white boy for whom both black men, in different ways, show their love and concern.

David Froman is extremely good as a sadistic prison guard and Douglas Nielsen likewise impresses as an idealistic lieutenant who is anxious for prison reforms.

The play is episodic and some may claim that it suffers from a clear and defined point of view. But there are individual scenes—particularly the one in which the two black men and the punk white boy, doing time in the hole, act out their sex fantasies—which are spine-chilling.

—DOUGLAS DEAN

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Continental cuisine. Medium price of the menu is \$3.50. Check out the dollar dinner special, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, a tasty snack. Well-trained waiters. Patrons tend toward the chi-chi. Reservations suggested by calling 762-1972. 11012 Ventura Blvd., Studio City. Sunday brunch; closed Sunday nights.

COFFEE AND

BOB'S — A place where the Polk Street crowd congregates, all hours. Very active after the bars close, but busy all the time. Short orders a specialty. Wait long enough and you'll meet anybody who's anybody. Polk Street, corner of Sacramento, San Francisco.

THE MUSHROOM — Small counter place for coffee and short orders. **THE MUSHROOM** 142 Mason Street, San Francisco.

ROYAL INN — Motel restaurant which caters to gay clientele. Serves full meals, but is popular with drop-in crowd for burgers, coffee and short orders. Busy afterhours. 665 Ellis Street, San Francisco.

COFFEE DON'S — Over in the Mission area, this small shop welcomes the gay trade. Pizza and spaghetti are specialties of the house, in addition to coffee and hamburgers. You can



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also have beer or wine here. The management offers home delivery. 22nd Street and Valencia, San Francisco.

NORSE COVE RESTAURANT — This cafe does serve full meals, but it is a popular spot in the Castro area where many gay people drop in for coffee or a sandwich. Operated by a friendly French family. The food is excellent. 434 Castro Street, San Francisco.

ARTHUR J'S — Open 24 hours. Coffee shop. Good food for the price. Service a la Vegas: win some, lose some. Mobbed afterhours and after-afterhours. Prices go up after 11 PM to pay the coffee bill. 1710 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood 465-2550.

MAHARAJAH — House of Ivy trade fair: Hindu hamburger house where you can see your meat in the light of day. Las Palmas and Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

DANIEL'S — Open 24 hours. Attractive decor, funky waiters. Clientele ranges from drags and hustlers afterhours, to straight businessmen at lunchtime. Hamburgers, omelets, and salads are featured. Quality and service varies. Beer and wine served. 6776 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, 464-0667.

GOLD CUP — Coffee shop with substandard coffee shop food. Waitresses, service and clientele indescribable. A camper's camp. Must be experienced to be believed. 6700 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, 467-2231.

PICNIC CAMP

SUMMERLAND BEACH — No smog. Beautiful beach. The home of the California Boys. Summerland Beach is a very mixed and liberated beach, getting progressively more gay as you stroll south. **NUDE ALL YEAR ROUND** — Just take the Summerland turnoff from Hwy 101, south of Santa Barbara.

MARK'S COVE — North of Summerland is a gay beach with much nude. Take the Sheffield Drive turnoff from 101 and follow it to the cliffs. Park and climb down to the most beautifully romantic pure California cove.

DEVEREAUX BEACH — North of Isla Vista. The "sand dunes" make for the most private corners that shift from visit to visit and partner to partner. Just north of the University but open to all the young lovers of Santa Barbara.

SANTA BARBARA COUNTY — New constitutional tests soon to make entire county free place for nudists.

BALBOA PARK — Follow the crowds into the park and then park. Bring your basket along and walk a little. Don't plan to be left alone, some squirrel is bound to grab your tuba and run. Put everything back into your basket and keep walking. It doesn't matter where you go. Everything here flows in currents. After your first snack or two try to catch the Space Theatre show. It is a totally new sensual experience to mankind. When you come back out into the park there will be plenty of friends around to help you in your new orientation in reality. The wraparound movie at the Reuben H. Fleet Space Theatre

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will be 44 minutes long but time will lose meaning for you forevermore. You will be dropped out of time and space into the Eden of Balboa Park. Don't forget to pack your basket. San Diego sure is treating us nice.

ZUMA BEACH — Nudity, nakedness, flesh and healthy-minded people of all sizes and shapes are casual and carefree here. There's no sense in feeling self-conscious, if you're naked you're naked and nude is the only way you will be at Zuma Beach. around the rock. Drive north on Pacific Coast Hwy. from Los Angeles and Malibu.

SUNRISE CLIFFS BEACH — As the sun begins to break through, and you have finished your Sunday morning social at the Outrigger in Mission Bay, drive south back in towards San Diego and the signs lure you off to the right, to Sun Rise Cliffs. Just bring your towel along, nothing else. A very mixed friendly crowd waits to welcome you.

GRIFFITH PARK — Seasons come and seasons go. Now when you drive up to the Greek Theater and turn right to the tennis courts and you stop immediately for a little snack you may slip in the mud as you run from the police helicopter and the horseback rangers. But, if you move on up further along the trail be sure not to have matches or cigarettes on you when you go for a hike, for you may find yourself up against a violation. Meditation, however, remains best on the top of the mountain. You can still go up to look down

onto the smoggy jewel. With the advent of spring, busts seem to be confined to those back trail excursions beyond the recognized territorial perimeters.

BARNSDALL PARK — All the bushes are gone now, so perhaps you could count on to be more discreet here. Olive grove and Frank Lloyd Wright design intended for meditation, cool it and all can work out mellow. On Hollywood Blvd. near Vermont, in Hollywood at the fringe of Silver Lake.

TURKEY PINES — (Sunrise Cliffs). Nude beach closed. San Diego.

MOVIE HOUSES

ADAM THEATRE — All first run, male hardcore films. No exceptions. Social room encourages some mixing and congregating. 72 6th Street, San Francisco.

TOM KAT — Stag movies, completely male. Super hot. Shorts as well as features. Downtown location gets the Tenderloin trade. 18 Elm Street, San Francisco.

BLISS — Cozy nickelodeon atmosphere allows talking sex movies to become popcorn affairs, full-length features. 7059 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

CENTURY THEATER — Handsome theater with feature-length current releases. 5115 Hollywood Blvd. Hollywood.

POWELL THEATER — Small house which

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Fanny Brice opened and which for many years served as a rerun spot for vintage films, now the city's newest adult cinema, showing feature films. \$3 admission anytime, with late shows Friday and Saturday nights. Conveniently located near Bart and cable cars. 39 Powell Street, San Francisco.

LAUREL THEATRE - It used to be the Jumping Frog, a swinging bar. Now the management shows male-male films exclusively. Admission \$4 night and day. Late shows Friday and Saturday, about midnight. Strictly first-run stuff. 2113 Polk Street, San Francisco.

PARIS THEATRE - Feature-length films, 8163 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

VISTA - Feature-length films, 4473 Sunset Drive, Silver Lake.

RICHARD'S THEATRE - Features and Shorts, 5228 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

QUICKIE - Shorts and loops, 8325 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

LOVE NESTS

BON AIR MOTEL - Discreet, 1724 N. Western, Hollywood.

VINE LODGE - Rooms of all kinds for short or long visits, some with private bath, some with kitchenette. Community Sauna and cabana. Outdoor swimming pool with private patio and large courtyard. 1818 N. Vine,

Hollywood.

VALLEY PALMS MOTEL - Private, 11514

San Diego Blvd., San Diego.

SEA MOTEL - Clean linen, modern plumbing, discreet atmosphere, no parties. Good honeymoon stop. No hassles, always pleasant. 475 Coast Hwy., Laguna Beach.

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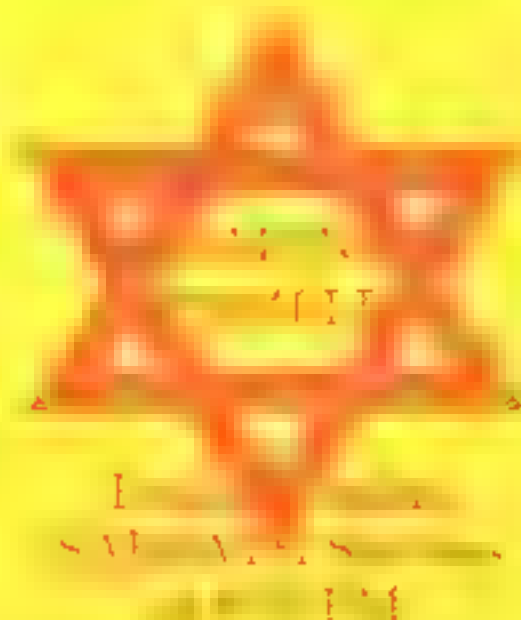
CREST MOTEL - Next door to the See Saw Ray is your very accommodating host. Rooms with closed circuit films, TV, weekend may require reservations. (213) 937 2114, 7701 Beverly Blvd., West Hollywood.

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CROWN CLEANERS - A complete dry cleaning, laundry and fluff dry service to make them look like new. Check their money-saving specials and check Arthur (it's next door while the laundry is being done. Located at 1124 N Highland Ave. Hollywood.

LEATHER BY LEATHER — Everything for the eleven o'clock leatherman. Uniforms and casual wear for the biker and bike-lover—studied or otherwise. Belts, wristbands and novelty—studied or otherwise at 5542 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood

THE LEATHER GAME — Leather garments, accessories, novelties and toys for the sand. Ready to wear is rare; custom-made is usual. Customized trophies are also available. Located in North Hollywood and open by appointment only. Call 762-6266 and ask for Mike Whalen.

CLOYDS ABOVE PAR — Casual wear for the Valley trunks for the beach crowd, sportswear for the bar crowd and caftans for home entertainment. Custom work is available. 11751 Ventura Blvd. Sherman Oaks

SANDAL CUBLER — Sandals and platforms for the dressed feet fetish. The sandals may be custom ordered. Also accessories from wallets to suitcases. Cloth shirts and gift items are all found at 620 N. Doheny Drive, West Hollywood

THE SEWING MAN — One-of-a-kind is the shop, the owner and the merchandise. Shirts and caftans with a distinctive look. You may order a custom design or select from the large stock. 1110 E. 17th St., East

THAT LOOK — Everything for the man and his mate—imported and domestic. Full-cover

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THE PLANTERS — A neighborhood nursery, equipped with garden supplies and all necessary for tasteful floral displays. House plants, too, of course. 3817 24th Street, San Francisco

CARRIAGE TRADE — Bright floral shop. Few cut flowers, mostly plants. Winner of gay community best flower design award, 1973. Convenient location, affable clerks, attractive displays. 432 Castro Street, San Francisco.

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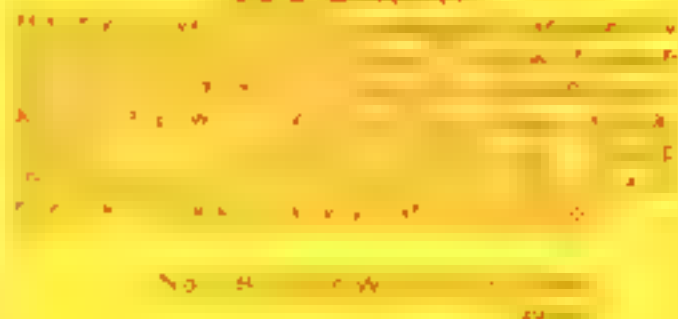
THE BACK DOOR — An appropriate name for many bars in So. Cal. Cocktails

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FRENCH BULL - Long curving bar lets you take in all the available local folks and studs in relaxed atmosphere for all folks. 5661 Sepulveda Blvd., Van Nuys.

ARLO'S - Way out there somewhere the city lights get less thick and you can begin to clear

the blur of space between one neon sign and the other noise. The chirp of crickets as you pass through tunnels of dark country road and see the lights on the roof in the distance. It is warm and cheerful with an outside-of-town junction function. New and catching on a discotheque in Rialto, north outside of Fontana. 5761 Locust Ave. Rialto.

THE STUDY - Intimate fireside chats with the Western-off-of-Hollywood crowd. Other recreations at the pool table. 1723 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

QUEEN OF CLUBS - Very mixed interweaving crowd with loyal core. Big boys and girls

famous for this buffet made with love. Great way to get drunk and licentious on a Sunday. 8239 San Fernando Rd., Sun Valley.

LITTLE CAVE - Silver Lake neighborhood mixes western and casual with country and beer piano, singalong relaxed generation. 3111 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake.

MANSFIELD HOUSE - Sometimes open for business, sometimes feature films, sometimes fun party crowd gathers, always a big spot on Halloween. 2600 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake.

NUT HOUSE - Latin neighbors social. Plenty of atmosphere with friendly bilingual bartenders, waiting for you. On Hoover near Melrose. Silver Lake.

FOUR POSTER - Silver Lake neighbors social. Always friendly, sometimes cruisy weekday afternoon. Silver Lake, Los Angeles.

WOODY'S HYPERION - Healthy, young crowd most nights. Food and booming masses on Sunday. Lively spot for the north side of Silver Lake.

SEA TAC - No parking in rear. Huge queue on street. Some crazy trade. 1415 Santa F.

MALE BOX - Small neighborhood bar, catering to all age groups. Friendly atmosphere. genial bartenders. Red, white and blue facade makes this place easily identified from the street. 990 Post Street, San Francisco.

GANGWAY - Popular, well-established, fun. Piano, pinball machines, jukebox. Fun uninhibited ribaldry for the young and older. 841 Larkin Street, San Francisco.

THE HILL - hillside community in Silver Lake, this spot is always neighborly and the cruising is often more than cordial. 1941 N. Hyperion, Silver Lake, Los Angeles.

BOXCAR - Western, Levi, leather. Small bar with weekday pool and Sunday brunch congregations. Also nude movies and weekend cruising. 2906 Los Feliz. Atwater.

FLORENTINE ROOM - Friendly cocktail crowd, mixed around pool table. Next

LATIN FLAME - Black velvet with flickers of red wine, dark quiet lounge with bursts of laughter punctuating the murmured Spanish. Atmosphere with some fiery customers. Melrose at

BRASS SPUR - Wilshire District social plus visitors for light cruising. Sunday brunch and friendly bartenders make worth your while. On Vermont just south of Wilshire in Wilshire Center.

NARDI'S - Quiet downtown lounge, social weeknights, cruisy weekends. Small crowd and beautiful bartenders. 665 E. Colorado, Pasadena.

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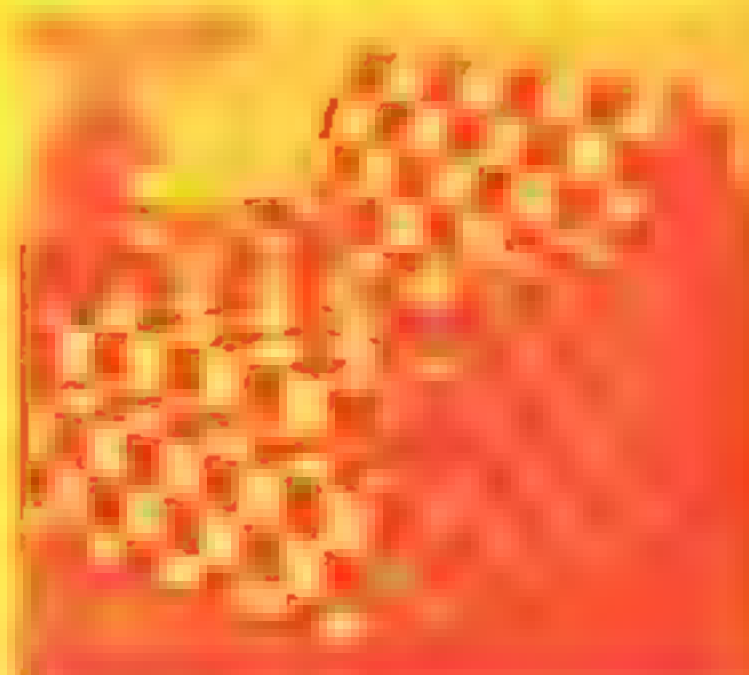
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DAILY DOUBLE — Practically private social event. Not too friendly but a few interesting numbers. 1739 E. Colorado.

THE HAVEN — The Valley comes into downtown Hollywood. There's plenty of room for dancing in this glowing little clubhouse. 5903 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

DAVID — And now, entertainment for all the loyalists who have remained and not gone over to Lloyd's. Still primarily dining with good bar. Great for that romantic rendezvous or secret affair. 7013 Melrose Ave., Hollywood. Interesting.

A S STAR ROOM — Liquor before, during, and after. Friendly Hollywood professionals makes for

JACKIE'S — Practically private for and drugs only. 6023 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

Heavy on weekends. 8837 Santa Monica Blvd. West Hollywood.

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VALLI HAUS — Crowds for dinner often stay over for socializing. Popular for lovers and other strangers. 11012 Ventura, Studio City.

AFITHS — Sociable Valley stop, before after dinner. Crowd gets silly when the liquor and laughter flows and a little sad when it closes down. 11811 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, across from the Hayloft.

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TONY'S — Entertainment, when open. Nice lounge. 10618 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

HANGED MAN PUB — The corner bar has

turned gay. Small but not quiet, beer and pool neighborhood tournament. 10522 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

LA CARAVELLE — Just across the street from the beach, a pleasant lounge at night and a fun patio for sunbathers. Also local dining and seafood. 54 W. Channel Rd., Santa Monica.

PINK ELEPHANT — Quiet Venice bar near old boardwalk. 2810 Main St., Santa Monica.

BEACH ROAMER — Nice little beer barroom

near. Small weekday crowd. 1744 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

P M CLUB — Lively part of the miracle mile circuit. 1720 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

HUNGRY HORSE SALOON — FUNKY little bar neat enough to beach and baths. Tall cool one with the gang atmosphere. Sundays good. Afterhours weekends. 5520 La Jolla Blvd., La Jolla.

HOP HOUSE — Neighborhood boys bar around the corner from Diablo's. Growing lively atmosphere. Frantic crowd. 3827 Park Blvd., San Diego.

DOLL ROOM — Mixed little beach bar with

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brotherhood and sisterhood. Drink here, dance up the street. 756 Ventura, Mission Bay, San Diego.

SKIPPERS — Cozy little cocktail lounge can be found in a retirement vacation motel restaurant. Good place for a secret rendezvous. 6737 La Jolla, La Jolla.

DE PAUL'S — Heavy trade mixes it up with beautiful exotic drag. Happy, rugged, rocky, and lively rough mob. On Vine just north of Hollywood Blvd.

IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD — A place where you can find a lot of things. 3974 Atlantic, Long Beach.

street from Black Pipe makes it Must Score afterhours. 2692 S. La Cienega, Los Angeles.

FALLEN ANGEL

District. Travis tends bar with good conversation. 2709 W. 6th, Los Angeles, Wilshire District.

JOLY'S — Neighborhood weeknights becomes hot spot for the Wilshire District on weekends. Gets crowded and sometimes crazy. Dinners, moderate prices. 117 S. Western, Los Angeles, Wilshire District.

TYKES — Always good conversation, while waiting for laundry, can be a place to meet someone new for whatever. 4306 N. Figueroa, Highland Park, In L.A.

GOLD RUSH SALOON — Western image comes to life afterhours. Mixed crowd socializes and then cruises afterhours western additions. Formerly The Alibi. Good jukebox. Nice guys running the joint, trying hard out there. 460 Pomona Mall, Pomona.

TENDER TRAP — Neat little bar, a survivor. Foot at home with the townfolk. Afterhours cycles swell with the full moon weekends. Not dead. 667 W. Holt, Pomona.

INQUIRE — Long bar with plenty of friends. Sometimes wandering minstrels entertain. Cocktails educated. 3974 Atlantic, Long Beach.

LITTLE SHRIMP — Exciting coral reef atmosphere, aquarium bar, crowded weekends, weekday beach bar social. Very nice, like a honeymoon spot, a place you would like to remember as the years roll by. Sort of down an alley, keep looking. 1305 S. Coast Hwy., Beach.

CAPRI — North Hollywood social with cruising of new blood and chatter of old conversations which hold drinking buddies together. Crowded Sunday afternoon with buffet bath. 6131 Vineand, North Hollywood.

MAGNOLIA INN — You can't help but like this quiet little place. Friendly, nice, helpful if you need it, at any time. 12136 Magnolia, North Hollywood.

THE BRANCH — Moderate, moderate, erate posh and piano. Office break lounge to cool off the pressure of the doldrums of a draggy day. Pleasant and safe place. 13548

PLUSH PONY — Chicano chicks play host to

V.A. V.A.

MAX'S MAX

ego's boys and girls together trip. Should be fun. 1211 Market St., San Diego.

THE HANG UP — Factory queens mix with foundry trade in small joint with good jukebox and beer. Cruisy party on weekends for small bunch. 7810 Santa Fe, Huntington Park.

CROW'S NEST — Light atmosphere. Extra management willing to please new customers. Weekends filled with friendly family of friends. 9306 E. Alondra, Bellflower.

RABBIT HABIT — Flaky, raunch, and semi-western quiet toilet. Not too friendly, very neighborhood, rugged bunch holding up quiet business. 7312 Pacific, Huntington Park.

RUBY RUE SALOON — Small dancing group encircled by light western crune group. Nicely mixed crowds around bar with helpful, conscientious bartenders. 1103 N. La Brea, Ingle-

TIKI HUT — South Pacific atmosphere sways nice weekend gatherings. Quiet weeknights. 9042 Garden Grove, Garden Grove.

WESTSIDE — Increasingly popular area has given more recent nod to long established dining spot. Bar cruising growing and developing into new mix. More growth changes coming. Keep your eyes open. 6112 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles.

OAK LOUNGE — remodeling. REMODELING, changing. CHANGED. 11518 Burbank, North Hollywood.

FRIENDS — Open from Thursday to Sunday, slowly catching on and building loyal neighborhood crowd. Truly a place for friends to meet. Nice guys run things here. The "idea" is catching hold. 735 E. Mission, Pomona.

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WESTERN NEWS — Very mixed spot with cruisy alley cats and lost souls on shore. Gay literature section extensive, straight movie arcade hot. 5507 Hollywood Blvd., East Hollywood.

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check out the merchandise, then a trip upstairs to a private room with psychedelic pillows and individual background music. Every room a different style and color. For \$15 a half hour, \$25 a full hour, you can look at the boy of your choice but you can't touch, so they say. Open all night. Busiest after 2 AM. 1044 Post Street, San Francisco.

GUILD THEATER — Orange County red-necks are tamed for trade in straight porno house. Dark but not dangerous except for the local gestapo. Trade gamble spot. 524 W. 4th St., Santa Ana.

M/B CLUB — Two locations. On Melrose just west of the Hollywood Frwy. Good crowd, lots of Levi membership with strong flavor of leather. Best bring knee pads. Several dark rooms with sparse furniture.

M/B CLUB #2 — Same principle — prying and prying. Neat little snack bar with campy jukebox. Various rooms to brush about in. 5643 Cahuenga, No. Hollywood.

SELMA'S — Not a bath with private rooms. A massage parlor with private boys. People who like people. They're that kind of people. And they know what they're doing. 5859 Melrose, Hollywood.

HOUSE OF SEVEN — Not just another Valley spot, this new den seems to have found a tap on new proletarian playboys, workout men interested in having a weekend away from the suburbs without melting in steam and pouring back home to the wife and kids without a Sunday left in them. Dark corners

have replaced wall space, which should bunch up any wall flowers that might stroll in undecided. 5645 Cahuenga, North Hollywood.

MINESHAFT — Wicked intentions disperse on weekdays but still carry a promising atmosphere, cruising and conversation, beer and boys, nice and friendly, 1702 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

OCTAGON CLUB — Something coming soon. San Diego.

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RECENTLY DEPARTED—RIP

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CABARET—Hollywood

SPEAK 39—Hollywood

LAS PALMAS THEATRE—Hollywood

4424—Los Angeles bath.

ATLAS BATHS—L.A.—West Hollywood

NERO'S—West Hollywood on Santa Monica

BITTER END WEST—West Hollywood

THE OFFICE—Hollywood and Vine

ZACHARY—East Hollywood on Melrose

MIDDLE EARTH—West Hollywood

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june's *In Touch*

PERSONALITY: *So Long Blue Boy* may not be one of the greatest works of the cinema, but it may be remembered as Rick Gates' first starring role, anything that brings this handsome, talented young man wider recognition can't be all that bad.

DISCOVERY: If you frequented The Bitter End West during its heyday or more recently dropped by Starwood, chances are you might have seen Ron Fraser—but never like here. Ron is all man and a yard wide—honest!

LEISURE: Some people are real roller-skating freaks and will roller skate anywhere. Jay and Mark met at the Harbor Roller Rink, then took off for various points—the Arco Plaza, the Music Center, streaking at USC, and ending with a visit to Glen's Baths in the Valley.

FASHION: Three handsome sunworshippers—Rick Gutierrez, Tony Alexander, and Chris Wilson—suit the Southern California styles perfectly and capture that spirit of casual living.

COMMUNITY LEADER: This month it's a pair and they're the guys who produced the record album series *Those Glorious MGM Musicals*. Richard Oliver and John Ierardi are as bright as the records they produced.

PLUS: An interview with rising young star Wayne Metcalf (whose photo was on the original *In Touch* brochure), a special feature on the sensational rock group Silverhead, more from San Francisco, and a couple of surprise features.



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Our custom gallery prints in signed editions.

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IN TOUCH Portrait



Portrait 5 is a potpourri featuring Bob (our March 1974 Discovery), Paul (our October 1973 Discovery) and John & Helen (a Discovery begun but never completed). Like our first four Portraits, Portrait 5 contains over 40 photos—mostly nudes—from the sensitive cameras of IN TOUCH's contributing photographers.

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